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☞ For particulars, see second page. ☜

IDA TO HER LOVER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Rememberest thou, lost love of mine,
One summer even
We walked beneath such trees as line
My path to heaven?—
We walked beneath sad willow trees,
In Love's most trustful mood of ease,
With no grief given.

Rememberest thou a simple word,
By thee then spoken,
And how I trembled when I heard
The mournful token?
"Who plucks a willow bough," you said,
"Another year will find him dead,
And some heart broken!"

How close I clasped those hands of thine,—
Half jest—half fearing!—
How fond thy glance and kiss on mine,
That kiss still wearing!
Would I have held those hands so tight,
Then knowing what I know this night,
To my despairing—

If I had dreamed another year
Would put asunder
Those hearts that stood so near and dear,
The willow under?
If I had dreamed that worse than death
Would fall the blight of broken faith,
Blighting me only,—
If I had dreamed thy death could be
Less bitter than thy life to me,
And I lose lonely?

Oh, sweet to have a love on high,
That fadeth never!—
To trust and wait until we die,
Then meet forever!
But not for me, my lost, lost love,
The hope to meet with thee above,—
Oh, never, never!

Oh, love—most false and lost to me—
Ere heart could harden,
Would thou had'st plucked from the sad tree,
Down in that garden!—
Oh, God!—I know not what I speak!
His death?—His death my heart would break!—
Can I wish life?—Yes, for his sake—
Life, life—and pardon.

AUGUST BELL.

THE ALLEN HOUSE;

OR,

TWENTY YEARS AGO, AND NOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER IV.

The excitement in the little town of S——— when Jacob returned from Boston, and told his singular story, may well be imagined. The whole community was in a buzz.

It was found that Mrs. Allen had so arranged matters, as to get all the servants away from the house, on one pretence or another, for that night, except an old negro woman, famous for her good sleeping qualities; and she was in the land of forgetfulness long before the hour appointed for flight.

Many conjectures were made, and one or two rather philanthropic individuals proposed, as a common duty, an attempt to arrest the fugitives and bring them back. But there were none to second this, the general sentiment being, that Captain Allen was fully competent to look after his own affairs. And that he would look after them, and promptly, too, on his return, none doubted for an instant. As for Jacob Perkins, no one professed a willingness to stand in his shoes. The fire-eating Captain would most probably blow that gentleman's brains out in the heat of his first excitement. Poor Jacob, not a very courageous man, was almost beside himself with fear, when this view of the case was confidently asserted. One advised this course of conduct on the part of Jacob, and another advised that, while all agreed that it would on no account be safe for him to fall into the Captain's way immediately on his return. More than a dozen people, friends of Jacob, were on the alert, to give him the earliest intelligence of Captain Allen's arrival in S———, that he might hide himself until the first fearful outbreak of passion was over.

Well, in about two weeks the Captain returned with his little son. Expectation was on tip-toe. People's hearts beat in their mouths. There were some who would not have been surprised at any startling occurrence,—an apparition of the scarred sea-dog, rushing along the streets, slashing his sword about like a madman, would have seemed to them nothing extraordinary, under the circumstances.

But expectation stood so long on tip-toe that it grew tired, and came down a few inches.—Nothing occurred to arouse the quiet inhabitants. Captain Allen was seen to enter his dwelling about two o'clock in the afternoon, and although not less than twenty sharp pairs of eyes were turned in that direction, and never abated their vigilance until night drew down her curtains, no one got even a glimpse of his person.

Jacob Perkins left the town, and took refuge with a neighbor living two miles away, on the first intimation of the Captain's return.

The next day passed, but no one saw the Captain. On the third day a member of the inquisitorial committee, who had his house under constant observation, saw him drive out with his son, and take the road that went direct to the neighborhood where Jacob Perkins lay concealed in the house of a friend.

Poor Jacob! None doubted but the hour of retribution for him was at hand. That he might have timely warning, if possible, a lad was sent out on a fleet horse, who managed to go by Captain Allen's chaise on the road.—Pale with affright, the unhappy fugitive hid himself under a hay rick, and remained there for an hour. But the Captain passed through without pause or inquiry, and in due course of time returned to his home, having committed no act in the least degree noticable.

And so, as if nothing unusual had happened, he was seen, day after day, going about as of old, with not a sign of change in his deportment that any one could read. In a week, Jacob Perkins returned to his home, fully assured that no harm was likely to visit him.

No event touching Captain Allen or his family, worthy of record, transpired for several years. The only servants in the house were negro slaves, brought from a distance, and kept as much as possible away from others of their class in town. Among these, the boy, John, grew up. When he was ten years old, Jacob Perkins, though in some fear, performed the sacred duty promised to his mother on that memorable morning, when he looked upon her pale, statuesque countenance for the last time. A flush covered the boy's face, as he received the locket, and understood from whence it came. He stood for some minutes, wholly abstracted, as if under the spell of some vivid memory. Tears at length filled his eyes, and glistened on the long fringed lashes. Then there was a single, half repressed sob—and then, grasping the locket tightly in his hand, he turned from Jacob, and, without a word, walked hastily away.

When the boy was sixteen, Captain Allen took him to sea. From that period for many years, both of them were absent for at least two-thirds of the time. At twenty-five, John took command of a large merchantman, trading to the South American coast, and his father, now worn down by hard service, as well as by years, retired to his home in S———, to close up there in such repose of mind as he could gain, the last days of his eventful life. He died soon after, by apoplexy.

Prior to this event, his son, the younger Captain Allen, had brought home from Cuba a Spanish woman, who took the name of his wife. Of her family, or antecedents, no one in our town knew anything; and it was questioned by many whether any rite of marriage had ever been celebrated between them. Of this, however, nothing certain was known. None of the best people, so called, in S———, paid her the hospitable compliment of a visit; and she showed no disposition to intrude herself upon them. And so they stood towards each other as strangers; and the Allen house remained, as from the beginning, to most people a terra incognita.

Neither Captain Allen nor his Spanish consort, to whom no children were born, as they advanced in years, "grew old gracefully." Both had repulsive features, which were strongly marked by passion and sensuality. During the last two years of his life I was frequently called to see him, and prescribe for his enemy, the gout, by which he was sorely afflicted. Mrs. Allen also required treatment. Her nervous system was disordered; and, on closer observation, I detected signs of a vagrant imagination, leading her away into states verging upon insanity. She was fretful and ill-tempered; and rarely spoke to the Captain except complainingly, or in anger. The visits I made to the Allen house, during the lifetime of Captain Allen, were among the most unsatisfactory of all my professional calls. I think, from signs which met my eyes, that something more than bitter words passed occasionally between the ill-matched couple.

Late in the day, nearly five years anterior to the time of which I am now writing, I was summoned in haste to visit Captain Allen. I found him lying on a bed in the north-west chamber, where he usually slept, in a state of insensibility. Mrs. Allen received me at the door of the chamber with a frightened countenance. On inquiry as to the cause of his condition, she informed me that he had gone to his own room about an hour before, a little the worse for a bottle of wine; and that she had heard nothing more from him, until she was startled by a loud, jarring noise in his chamber. On running up stairs, she found him lying upon the floor, insensible.

I looked at her steadily, as she gave me this relation, but could not hold her eyes in mine. She seemed more uneasy than troubled. There was a contused wound just below the right temple, which covered, with its livid stain, a portion of the cheek. A cursory examination satisfied me, that, whatever might be the cause of his fall, congestion of the brain had occurred, and that but few chances for life remained. So I informed Mrs. Allen. At the words, I could see a shudder run through her frame, and an expression of something like terror sweep over her face.

"His father died of apoplexy," said she, in a hoarse whisper, looking at me with a sidelong—almost stealthy glance—not full and open-eyed.

"This is something more than apoplexy," I remarked; still observing her closely.

"The fall may have injured him," she suggested.

"The blow on his temple has done the fearful work," said I.

There was a perceptible start, and another look of fear—almost terror.

"For heaven's sake, Doctor," she said, rousing herself, and speaking half imperatively—"do something! Don't stand speculating about the cause, but do something if you have any skill."

Thus prompted I set myself to work in good earnest with my patient. The result was in no way flattering to my skill, for he passed to his account in less than an hour, dying without a sign.

I shall never forget the wild screams which rang awfully through the old mansion, when it was announced to Mrs. Allen that the Captain was dead. She flung herself upon his body, tore her hair, and committed other extravagances. All the slumbering passion of her undisciplined nature seemed quickened into sudden life, overmastering her in their strong excitement. So it would have seemed to a less suspicious observer; but I thought that I could detect the overacting of pretense. I may have done her wrong; but the impression still remains. At the funeral this extravagant role of grief was re-enacted, and the impression was left on many minds that she was half mad with grief.

Occasionally, after this event, I was summoned to the Allen House to see its unhappy mistress. I say unhappy, for no human being ever had a face written all over with the characters you might read in hers that was not miserable. I used to study it, sometimes, to see if I could get anything like a true revelation of her inner life. The sudden lightening up of her countenance, at times, as you observed its rapidly varying expression, made you almost shudder, for the gleam which shot across it looked like a reflection from hell. I know no other word to express what I mean. Remorse, at times, I could plainly read.

One thing I soon noticed; the room in which Captain Allen died—the north-west chamber before mentioned—remained shut up; and an old servant told me, years afterwards, that Mrs. Allen had never been inside of it since the fatal day on which I attended him in his last moments.

At the time when this story opens, the old lady was verging on to sixty. The five years which had passed since she was left alone had bent her form considerably, and the diseased state of mind which I noticed when first called in to visit the family as a physician, was now but a little way removed from insanity. She was haunted by many strange hallucinations; and the old servant above alluded to, informed me, that she was required to sleep in the room with her mistress, as she never would be alone after dark. Often, through the night, she would start up in terror, her diseased imagination building up terrible phantoms in the land of dreams, alarming the house with her cries.

I rarely visited her that I did not see new evidences of waning reason. In the beginning I was fearful that she might do some violence to herself or her servants, but her insanity began to assume a less excitable form; and at last she sunk into a condition of torpor, both of mind and body, from which I saw little prospect of her ever rising.

"It is well," I said to myself. "Life had better wane slowly away than to go out in lurid gleams like the flashes of a dying volcano."

CHAPTER V.

And now, reader, after this long digression, you can understand my surprise at seeing broad gleams of light reaching out into the darkness from the windows of that north-west chamber, as I breasted the storm on my way to visit the sick child of Mary Jones. No wonder that I stood still and looked up at those windows, though the rain beat into my face, half blinding me. The shutters were thrown open, and the curtains drawn partly aside. I plainly saw shadows on the ceiling and walls as of persons moving about the room. Did my eyes deceive me? Was not that the figure of a young girl that stood for a moment at the window trying to pierce with her eyes the thick veil of night? I was still in doubt when the figure turned away, and only gave me a shadow on the wall.

I lingered in front of the old house for some minutes, but gaining no intelligence of what was passing within, I kept on my way to the humbler dwelling of Mary Jones. I found her child quite ill, and needing attention. After doing what, in my judgment the case required, I turned my steps towards the house of Mrs. Wallingford to look into the case of her son Henry, who, according to her account, was in a very unhappy condition.

I went a little out of my way so as to go past the Allen House again. As I approached, my eyes were directed to the chamber windows at the north-west corner, and while yet some distance away, as the old elms tossed their great limbs about in struggling with the storm, I saw glancing out between them the same cheery light that met my astonished gaze a little while before. As then, I saw shadows moving on the walls, and once the same slender, graceful figure—evidently that of a young girl—came to the window and tried to look out into the deep darkness.

As there was nothing to be gained by standing there in the drenching storm, I moved onward, taking the way to Mrs. Wallingford's dwelling. I had scarcely touched the knocker when the door was opened, and by Mrs. Wallingford herself.

"Oh, Doctor, I'm so glad you've come!" she said in a low, troubled voice.

I stepped in out of the rain, gave her my dripping umbrella, and laid off my overcoat.

"How is Henry now?" I asked.

She put her finger to her lip, and said, in a whisper,

"Just the same, Doctor—just the same. Listen! Don't you hear him walking the floor overhead? I've tried to get him to take a cup of tea, but he won't touch anything. All I can get out of him is—'Mother—dear mother—leave me to myself. I shall come right again. Only leave me to myself now.' But, how can I let him go on in this way? Oh, Doctor, I am almost beside myself! what can it all mean? Something dreadful has happened."

I sat listening and reflecting for something like ten minutes. Steadily, from one side of the room overhead to the other, went the noise of feet; now slowly, now with a quicker motion; and now with a sudden tramp, that sent the listener's blood with a start along its courses.

"Won't you see him, Doctor?"

I did not answer at once, for I was in the dark as to what was best to be done. If I had known the origin of this trouble, I could have acted understandingly. As it was, any intrusion upon the young man might do harm rather than good.

"He has asked to be let alone," I replied, "and it may be best to let him alone. He says that he will come out right. Give him a little more time. Wait, at least, until to-morrow. Then, if there is no change, I will see him."

Still, the mother urged. At last I said—

"Go to your son. Suggest to him a visit from me, and mark the effect."

I listened as she went up stairs. On entering his room, I noticed that he ceased walking. Soon came to my ears the murmur of voices, which rose to a sudden loudness on his part, and I distinctly heard the words,

"Mother! you will drive me mad! If you talk of that, I will go from the house. I must be left alone!"

Then all was silent. Soon Mrs. Wallingford came down. She looked even more distressed than when she left the room.

"I'm afraid it might do harm," she said, doubtingly.

"So am I. It will, I am sure, be best to let him have his way for the present. Something has disturbed him fearfully; but he is struggling hard for the mastery over himself, and you may be sure, madam, that he will gain it. Your son is a young man of no light stamp of character; and he will come out of this ordeal, as gold from the crucible."

"You think so, Doctor?"

She looked at me with a hopeful light in her troubled countenance.

"I do, verily. So let your heart dwell in peace."

I was anxious to get back to my good Constance, and so, after a few more encouraging words for Mrs. Wallingford, I tried the storm again, and went through its shivering gusts, to my own home. There had been no calls in my absence, and so the prospect looked fair for a quiet evening—just what I wanted; for the strange condition of Henry Wallingford, and the singular circumstance connected with the old Allen House, were things to be conned over with that second self, towards whom all thought turned and all interest converged as to a centre.

After exchanging wet outer garments and boots, for dressing gown and slippers; and darkness and storm for a pleasant fireside; my thoughts turned to the north-west chamber of the Allen House, and I said—

"I have seen something to-night that puzzles me."

"What is that?" inquired my wife, turning her mild eyes upon me.

"You know the room in which old Captain Allen died?"

"Yes."

"The chamber on the north-west corner, which, as far as we know, has been shut up ever since?"

"Yes, I remember your suspicion as to foul play on the part of Mrs. Allen, who, it is believed, has never visited the apartment since the Captain's death."

"Well, you will be surprised to hear that the shutters are unclosed, and lights burning in that chamber."

"Now!"

"Yes—or at least half an hour ago."

"That is remarkable."

My wife looked puzzled.

"And more remarkable still—I saw shadows moving on the walls, as of two or three persons in the room."

"Something unusual has happened," said my wife. "Perhaps Mrs. Allen is dead."

This thought had not occurred to me. I turned it over for a few moments, and then remarked,

"Hardly probable—for, in that case, I would have been summoned. No; it strikes me that some strangers are in the house; for I am certain that I saw a young girl come to the window and press her face close up to one of the panes, as if trying to penetrate the darkness."

"Singular!" said my wife, as if speaking to herself. "Now, that explains, in part, something that I couldn't just make out yesterday. I was late in getting home from Aunt Elder's, you know. Well, as I came in view of that old house, I thought I saw a girl standing by the gate. An appearance so unusual, caused me to strain my eyes to make out the figure, but the twilight had fallen too deeply. While I still looked, the form disappeared; but, through an opening in the shrubbery, I caught another glimpse of it, as it vanished in the portico. I was going to speak of the incident, but other matters pushed it, till now, from my thoughts when you were at home."

"Then my eyes did not deceive me," said I, "your story corroborates mine. There is a young lady in the Allen House. But who is she? That is the question?"

As we could not get beyond this question, we left the riddle for time to solve, and turned next to the singular state of mind into which young Henry Wallingford had fallen.

"Well," said my wife, speaking with some emphasis, after I had told her of the case, "I never imagined that he cared so much for the girl!"

"What girl?" I inquired.

"Why, Delia Floyd—the silly fool! if I must speak so strongly."

"Then he is really in love with Squire Floyd's daughter?"

"It looks like it, if he's taking on as his mother says," answered my wife, with considerable feeling. "And Delia will rue the day she turned from as true a man as Henry Wallingford."

"Bless me, Constance! you've got deeper into this matter, than either his mother or me. Who has been initiating you into the love secrets of S———?"

"This affair," returned my wife, "has not passed into town talk, and will, I trust, be kept sacred by those who know the facts. I learned them from Mrs. Dean, the sister of Mrs. Floyd. The case stands thus. Henry is peculiar, shy, reserved, and rather silent. He goes but little into company, and has not the taking way with girls that renders some young men so popular. But his qualities are all of the sterling kind—such as wear well, and grow brighter with usage. For more than a year past, he has shown a decided preference for Delia Floyd, and she has encouraged his attentions. Indeed, so far as I can learn from Mrs. Dean, the heart of her niece was deeply interested. But a lover of higher pretensions came, dazzling her mind with a more brilliant future."

"Who?" I inquired.

"That dashing young fellow from New York, Judge Bigelow's nephew."

"Not Ralph Dewey?"

"Yes."

"Foolish girl, to throw away a man for such an effigy! It will be a dark day that sees her wedded to him. But I will not believe in the possibility of such an event."

"Well, to go on with my story," resumed Constance, "Last evening, seeing, I suppose, that a dangerous rival was intruding, Henry made suit for the hand of Delia, and was rejected."

"I understand the case better now," said I, speaking from a professional point of view.

"Poor young man! I did not suppose it was in him to love any woman after that fashion," remarked Constance.

"Your men of reserved exterior, have often great depths of feeling," I remarked. "Usually women are not drawn towards them; because they are attracted most readily by what meets the eye. If they would look deeper, they would commit fewer mistakes, like that which Delia Floyd has just committed."

CHAPTER VI.

Delia Floyd was a girl of more than ordinary attractions, and it is not surprising that young Wallingford was drawn, fascinated, within the charmed circle of her influence. She was, by no means, the weak, vain, beautiful young woman, that the brief allusion I have made to her might naturally lead the reader to infer. I had possessed good opportunities for observing her, for our families were intimate, and she was frequently at our house. Her father had given her a good education—not showy; but of the solid kind. She was fond of books, and better read, I think, in the literature of the day, than any other young lady in S———. Her conversational powers were of a high order. Good sense, I had always given her credit for possessing; and I believed her capable of reading character correctly. She was the last one I should have regarded as being in danger of losing a heart to Ralph Dewey.

In person, Delia was rather below than above the middle stature. Her hair was of a dark brown, and so were her eyes—the latter large and liquid. Her complexion was fresh, almost ruddy, and her countenance animated, and quick to register every play of feeling. In manner, she was exceedingly agreeable, and had the happy art of putting even strangers at ease. It was no matter of wonder to me, as I said before, that Henry Wallingford should fall in love with Delia Floyd. But I did wonder, most profoundly, when I became fully assured, that she had, for a mere flash man, such as Ralph Dewey seemed to me, turned herself away from Henry Wallingford.

But women are enigmas to most of us—I don't include you, dear Constance!—and every now and then puzzle us by acts so strangely out of keeping with all that we had predicated of them, as to leave no explanation within our reach, save that of evil fascination, or temporary loss of reason. We see their feet often turning aside into ways that we know lead to wretchedness, and onward they move, persistently, heeding neither the voice of love, warning, nor reproach. They hope all things, believe all things, trust all things, and make shipwreck on the breakers that all eyes but their own see leaping and foaming in their course. Yes, woman is, truly, an enigma!

Squire Floyd was a plain, upright man, in moderately good circumstances. He owned a water power on the stream that ran near our town, and had built himself a cotton mill, which was yielding him a good annual income. But he was far from being rich; and had the good sense not to assume a style of living beyond his means.

Henry Wallingford was the son of an old friend of Squire Floyd's. The elder Mr. Wallingford was not a man of the Squire's caution and prudence. He was always making mistakes in matters of business; and never succeeded well in anything. He died when his son was about eighteen years of age. Henry was, at that time, studying law with Judge Bigelow. As, in the settlement of his father's estate, it was found to be wholly insolvent. Henry, unwilling to be dependent on his mother, who had a small income in her own right, gave notice to the Judge that he was about to leave his office. Now, the Judge was a man of penetration, and had already discovered in the quiet, reserved young man, just the qualities needed to give success in the practice of law. He looked calmly at his student, for some moments after receiving this announcement, conning over his face, which by no means gave indications of a happy state of mind.

"You think you can find a better preceptor," said the judge, at last, in his calm way.

"No, sir! No!" answered Henry quickly. "Not in all this town, nor out of it, either. It is not that, Judge Bigelow."

"Then you don't fancy the law."

"On the contrary, there is no other calling in life that presents to my mind anything attractive," replied Henry, in a tone of despondency that did not escape the judge.

"Well, if that is the case, why not keep on? You are getting along bravely."

"I must support myself, sir—must do something besides sitting here and reading law books."

"Ah, yes, I see." The judge spoke to himself as if light had broken into his mind. "Well, Henry," he added, looking at the young man, "what do you propose doing?"

"I have hands and health," was the reply.

"Something more than hands and health are required in this world. What can you do?"

"I can work on a farm, if nothing better offers. Or, may be, I can get a place in some store."

"There's good stuff in the lad," said Judge Bigelow to himself. Then speaking aloud—

"I'll think this matter over for you, Henry. Let it rest for a day or two. The law is your proper calling, and you must not give it up, if you can be sustained in it."

On that very day, Judge Bigelow saw Squire Floyd, and talked the matter over with him. They had but one sentiment in the matter, and that was favorable to Henry's remaining where he was.

"Can he be of any service to you, in your office, Judge—such as copying deeds and papers, hunting up cases, and the like?" asked the squire.

"Yes; he can be of service to me in that way; and is of service now."

"You can afford to pay him something?" suggested Squire Floyd.

"It is usual," replied the Judge, "to get this kind of service in return for instruction and office privileges."

"I know; but this case is peculiar. The death of Henry's father has left him without a support, and he is too independent to burden his mother. Unless he can earn something, therefore, he must abandon the law."

"I understand that, squire, and have already decided to compensate him," said the Judge. "But what I can offer will not be enough."

"How much can you offer?"

"Not over a hundred dollars for the first year."

"Call it two hundred, Judge," was the ready answer.

The two men looked for a moment into each other's faces.

"His father and I were friends from boyhood," said Squire Floyd. "He was a warm-hearted man; but always making mistakes. He would have ruined me two or three times over, if I had been weak enough to enter into his plans, or to yield to his importunities in the way of risks and securities. It often went hard for me to refuse him; but duty to those dependent on me, was stronger than friendship. But I can spare a hundred dollars for his son, and will do it, cheerfully. Only, I must not be known in the matter; for it would lay on Henry's mind a weight of obligation not pleasant for one of his sensitive disposition to bear."

"I see, Squire," answered Judge Bigelow to this; "but then, it won't place me in the right position. I shall receive credit for your benevolence."

"Don't trouble yourself on that score," answered the squire, laughing. "It may be, that I shall want some law business done—though heaven forbid! In that case, I will call on

you, and you can let Henry do the work. Thus the equilibrium of benefits will be restored. Let the salary be two hundred."

And so this matter being settled, Henry Wallingford remained in the office of Judge Bigelow. The fact of being salaried by the Judge, stimulated him to new efforts, and made him forward to relieve his kind Preceptor of all duties within the range of his ability. There came, during the next year, an unusually large amount of office practice—preparing deeds, making searches, and drawing up papers of various kinds. In doing this work, Henry was rapid and reliable. So, when Squire Floyd tendered his proportion of the young man's salary to his neighbor, the Judge declined receiving it. The Squire urged: but the Judge said—

"No: Henry has earned his salary, and I must pay it, in simple justice. I did not think there was so much in him. Business has increased, and without so valuable an assistant, I could not get along."

So the way had opened before Henry Wallingford, and he was on the road to a successful manhood. At the time of his introduction to the reader, he was in his twenty-third year. On attaining his majority, he had become so indispensable to Judge Bigelow, who had the largest practice in the county, that no course was left for him but to offer the young man a share in his business. It was accepted; and the name of Henry Wallingford was thenceforth displayed in gilt letters in the office window of his Preceptor.

From that time, his mind never rested with anything like care or anxiety on the future. His daily life consisted in an almost absorbed devotion to his professional duties, which grew steadily on his hands. His affection was in them, and so the balance of his mind was fully sustained. Ah, if we could all thus rest, without anxiety, on the right performance of our allotted work! If we would be content to wait patiently for that success which comes as the orderly result of well doing in our business, trades or professions, what a different adjustment would there be in our social condition and relations. There would not be all around us so many eager, care-worn faces—so many heads bowed with anxious thoughts—so many shoulders bent with burdens destined, sooner or later, to prove too great for the strength which now sustains them. But how few, like Henry Wallingford, enter, with anything like pleasure, into their work. It is, in most cases, held as drudgery, and regarded only as the means to cherished ends in life wholly removed from the calling itself. Impatience comes as a natural result. The hand reaches forth to pluck the growing fruit ere it is half ripened. No wonder that its taste is bitter to so many thousands. No wonder that true success comes to so small a number—that to so many life proves but a miserable failure.

CHAPTER VII.

The morning which broke after that night of storm was serene and beautiful. The air had a crystal clearness, and as you looked away up into the cloudless azure, it seemed as if the eye could penetrate to an immeasurable distance. The act of breathing was a luxury. You drew in draught after draught of the rich air, feeling, with every inhalation, that a new vitality was absorbed through the lungs, giving to the heart a nobler beat, and to the brain a fresh activity. With what a different feeling did I take up my round of duties for the day. Yesterday I went creeping forth like a reluctant school boy; to-day, with an uplifted countenance and a willing step.

Having a few near calls to make, I did not order my horse, as both health and inclination were better served by walking. Soon after breakfast I started out, and was going in the direction of Judge Bigelow's office, when, hearing a step behind me that had in it a familiar sound, I turned to find myself face to face with Henry Wallingford! He could hardly have failed to see the look of surprise in my face.

"Good-morning, Henry," I said, giving him my hand, and trying to speak with that cheerful interest in the young man which I had always endeavored to show.

He smiled in his usual quiet way as he took my hand, and said in return,

"Good-morning, Doctor."

"You were not out, I believe, yesterday," I remarked, as we moved on together.

"I didn't feel very well," he answered, in a voice pitched to a lower key than usual, "and, the day being a stormy one, I shut myself up at home."

"Ah," said I, in a cheerful way, "you lawyers have the advantage of us knights of the pill box and lancet. Rain or shine, sick or well, we must travel round our parish."

"All have their share of the good as well as the evil things of life," he replied, a little soberly. "Doctors and lawyers included."

I did not observe any marked change in the young man, except that he was paler, and had a different look out of his eyes from any that I had hitherto noticed; a more matured look, which, not only indicated deeper feeling, but gave signs of will and endurance. I carried that new expression away with me as we parted at the door of his office, and studied it as a new revelation of the man. It was very certain that profounder depths had been opened in his nature—opened to his own consciousness—than had ever seen the light before. That he was more a man than he had ever been; and more worthy to be mated with a true woman. Up to this time I had thought of him more as a boy than as a man, for the years had glided by so quietly that bore him onward with the rest, that he had not arisen in my thought to the full mental stature which the word manhood includes.

"Ah," said I, as I walked on, "what a mistake in Delia Floyd! She is just as capable of high development as a woman as he is as a man. How admirably would they have mated. In him, self-reliance, reason, judgment, and deep feeling would have found in her all the qualities they seek—taste, perception, tenderness and love. They would have grown upwards into higher ideas of life, not downwards into sensualism and mere worldliness, like the many. Alas! This mistake on her part may ruin them both; for a man of deep, reserved feelings, who suffers a disappointment in love, is often warped in his appreciation of the sex, and grows one-sided in his character as he advances through the cycles of life.

I had parted from Henry only a few minutes when I met his rival, Ralph Dewey. Let me describe him. In person he was taller than Wallingford, and had the easy, confident manner of one who had seen the world, as we say. His face was called handsome; but, it was not a manly face—manly in that best sense which includes character and thought. The chin and mouth were feeble; and the forehead narrow, throwing the small orbs close together. But, he had a fresh complexion, dark, sprightly eyes, and a winning smile. His voice was not very good, having in it a kind of unpleasant rattle; but he managed it rather skillfully in conversation, and you soon ceased to notice the peculiarity.

Ralph lived in New York, where he had recently been advanced to the position of fourth partner in a dry goods jobbing house, with a small percentage on the net profits. Judging from the air with which he spoke of his firm's operations, and his relation to the business, you might have inferred that he was senior instead of junior partner; and that the whole weight of the concern rested on his shoulders.

Judge Bigelow, a solid man, and from professional habit skilled in reading character, was, singularly enough, quite carried away with his smart nephew, and really believed his report of himself. Prospectively, he saw him a merchant prince, surrounded by palatial splendors.

Our acquaintance was, as yet, but slight, so we only nodded in passing. As we were in the neighborhood of Squire Floyd's pleasant cottage, I was, naturally, curious, under the circumstances, to see whether the young man was going to make a visit at so early an hour. And I managed to keep long enough in sight to have this matter determined. Ralph called at the Squire's, and I saw him admitted. So I shook my head disapprovingly, and kept on my way.

Not until late in the afternoon did I find occasion to go into that part of the town where the old Allen House was located, though the image of its gleaming north-west windows was frequently in my thought. The surprise occasioned by that incident was in no way lessened on seeing a carriage drive in through the gateway, and two ladies alight therefrom and enter the house. Both were in mourning. I did not see their faces, but, judging from the dress and figure of each, it was evident that one was past the meridian of life, and the other young. Still more to my surprise the carriage was not built after our New England fashion, but looked heavy and of a somewhat ancient date. It was large and high, with a single seat for the driver perched away up in the air, and a footman's stand and hangings behind. There was, moreover, a footman in attendance, who sprung to his place, after the ladies had alighted, and rode off to the stables.

"Am I dreaming?" said I to myself, as I kept on my way, after witnessing this new incident in the series of strange events that were half bewildering me. But it was in vain that I rubbed my eyes; I could not wake up to a different reality.

It was late when I got home from my round of calls, and found tea awaiting my arrival.

"Any one been here?" I asked—my usual question.

"No one." The answer pleased me, for I had many things on my mind, and I wished to have a good long evening with my wife. Baby Mary and Louis were asleep: but we had the sweet, gentle face of Agnes, our first born, to brighten the meal-time. After she was in dream-land, guarded by the loving angels who watch with children in sleep, and Constance was through with her household cares for the evening, I came into the sitting-room from my office, and taking the large rocking-chair, leaned my head back, mind and body enjoying a sense of rest and comfort.

"You are not the only one," said my wife, looking up from the basket of work through which she had been searching for some article, "who noticed lights in the Allen House last evening."

"Who else saw them?" I asked.

"Mrs. Dean says she heard two or three people say that the house was lit up all over—a perfect illumination."

"Stories lose nothing in being re-told. The illumination was confined to the room in which Capt. Allen died. I am witness to that. But I have something more for your ears. This afternoon, as I rode past, I saw an old-fashioned English coach, with a liveried driver and footman, turn into the gate. From this two ladies alighted and went into the house; when the coach was driven to the stables. Now, what do you think of that?"

"We are to have a romance enacted in our very midst, it would seem," replied my wife, in her unimpassioned way. "Other eyes have seen this also, and the strange fact is buzzing through the town. I was only waiting until we were alone to tell you that these two ladies whom you saw, arrived at the Allen House in their carriage near about daylight, on the day before yesterday. But no one knows who they are, or from whence they came. It is said that they made themselves as completely at home as if they were in their own house; selected the north-west chamber as their sleeping apartment; and ordered the old servants about with an air of authority that subdued them to obedience."

"But what of Mrs. Allen?" I asked, in astonishment at all this.

"The stories about her reception of the strangers do not agree. According to one, the old lady was all resistance and indignation at this intrusion; according to another, she gave way, passively, as if she were no longer sole mistress of the house."

Constance ceased speaking, for there came the usual interruption to our evening *tete-a-tete*—the ringing of my office bell.

"You are wanted up at the Allen House, Doctor," said my boy, coming in from the office a few moments afterwards.

"Who is sick?" I asked.

"The old lady."

"Anything serious?"

"I don't know, sir. But I should think there was from the way old Aunty looked. She says come up as quickly as you can."

"Is she in the office?"

"No, sir. She just said that, and then went out in a hurry."

"The plot thickens," said I, looking at Constance.

"Poor old lady!" There was a shade of pity in her tones.

"You have not seen her for many years?"

"No."

"Poor old witch of Endor! were better said."

"Oh!" answered my wife, smiling, "you know that the painter's idea of this celebrated individual has been reversed by some, who affirm that she was young and handsome instead of old and ugly like modern witches."

"I don't know how that may be, but if you could see Mrs. Allen, you would say that 'hag' were a better term for her than woman. If the good grow beautiful as they grow old, the loving spirit shining like a lamp through the wasted and failing walls of flesh, so do the evil grow ugly and repulsive. Ah, Constance, the lesson is for all of us. If we live true lives, our countenances will grow radiant from within, as we advance in years; if selfish, worldly, discontented lives, they will grow cold, hard and repulsive."

I drew on my boots and coat, and started on my visit to the Allen House. The night was in perfect contrast with the previous one. There was no moon, but every star shone with its highest brilliancy, while the galaxy threw its white scarf gracefully across the sky, veiling millions of suns in their own excessive brightness. I paused several times in my walk, as broader expanses opened between the great elms that gave to our town a sylvan beauty, and repeated, with a rapt feeling of awe and admiration, the opening stanza of a familiar hymn:

> "The spacious firmament on high,
> With all the blue etherial sky,
> And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
> Their great Original proclaim."

How the beauty and grandeur of nature move the heart, as if it recognized something of its own in every changing aspect. The sun and moon and stars—the grand old mountains lifting themselves upwards into serene heights—the limitless expanse of ocean, girdling the whole earth—rivers, valleys, and plains—trees, flowers, the infinite forms of life—to all the soul gives some response, as if they were akin.

I half forgot my interest in old Mrs. Allen, as my heart beat responsive to the pulsings of nature, and my thoughts flew upwards and away as on the wings of eagles. But my faithful feet had borne me steadily onwards, and I was at the gate opening to the grounds of the Allen House, before I was conscious of having passed over half the distance that lay between that and my home. I looked up, and saw a light in the north-west chamber, but the curtains were down.

On entering the house, I was shown by the servant who admitted me, into the small office or reception room opening from the hall. I had scarcely seated myself, when a tall woman, dressed in black, came in, and said, with a graceful, but rather stately manner—

"The Doctor, I believe."

How familiar the voice sounded, and yet I did not recognize it as the voice of any one whom I had known; but, rather, as a voice heard in dreams. Nor was the calm, dignified countenance on which my eyes rested, strange in every lineament. The lady was, to all appearance, somewhere in the neighborhood of sixty; and, for an elderly lady, handsome. I thought of my remark to Constance about the beauty and deformity of age, and said to myself, "Here is one who has not lived in vain."

I arose as she spoke, and answered in the affirmative.

"You have come too late," she said, with a touch of feeling in her voice.

"Not dead?" I ejaculated.

"Yes, dead. Will you walk up stairs and see her?"

I followed in silence, ascending to the chamber which had been occupied by Mrs. Allen since the old Captain's death. It was true as she had said; a ghastly corpse was before me. I use the word ghastly, for it fully expresses the ugliness of that lifeless face, withered, marred, almost shorn of every true aspect of humanity. I laid my hand upon her—the skin was cold. I felt for her pulse, but there was no sign of motion in the arteries.

"It is over," I said, lifting myself from my brief examination, "and may God have mercy upon her soul!" The last part of the sentence was involuntary.

"Amen!"

I felt that this response was no idle ejaculation.

"How was she affected?" I asked. "Has she been sick for any time? Or did life go out suddenly?"

"It went out suddenly," replied the lady. "As suddenly as a lamp in the wind."

"Was she excited from any cause?"

"She has been in an excited state ever since our arrival, although everything that lay in our power, has been done to quiet her mind and give it confidence and repose."

She spoke calmly, as one who held a controlling position there and of right. I looked into her serene face, almost classic in its outlines, with an expression of blended inquiry and surprise, that it was evident did not escape her observation, although she offered no explanation in regard to herself.

I turned again to the corpse, and examined it with some care. There was nothing in its appearance that gave me any clue to the cause which had produced this sudden extinguishment of life.

"In what way was she excited?" I asked, looking at the stranger as I stepped back from the couch on which the dead body was lying.

She returned my steady gaze, without answering, for some moments. Either my tone or manner affected her unpleasantly; for I saw her brows contract slightly, her full lips close upon themselves, and her eyes acquire an intenser look.

"You have been her physician, I believe?" There was no sign of feeling in the steady voice which made the inquiry.

"Yes."

"I need not, in that case, describe to you her unhappy state of mind. I need not tell you, that an evil will had the mastery over her understanding, and that in the fierce struggle of evil passion with evil passion, mind and body had lost their right adjustment."

"I know all this," said I. "Still, madam, in view of my professional duty, I must repeat my question, and urge upon you the propriety of an undisguised answer. In what way was she excited? and what was the cause leading to an excitement which has ended thus fatally?"

"I am not in the habit of putting on disguises," she answered, with a quiet dignity that really looked beautiful.

"I pray you, madam, not to misunderstand me," said I. "As a physician, I must report the cause of all deaths in the range of my practice. If I were not to do so in this case, a permit for burial would not be issued until a regular inquest was held by the Coroner."

"Ah, I see," she replied, yet with an air of indecision. "You are perfectly right, Doctor, and we must answer to your satisfaction. But let us retire from this chamber."

She led the way down stairs. As we passed the memorable north-west room, she pushed the door open, and said,

"Blanche, dear, I wish to see you. Come down to the parlor.

I heard faintly the answer, in a very musical voice. We had scarcely entered the parlor, when the lady said—

"My daughter, Doctor."

A vision of beauty and innocence met my gaze. A young girl, not over seventeen, tall like her mother, very fair, with a face just subdued into something of womanly seriousness, stood in the door, as I turned at mention of her presence.

A single lamp gave its feeble light to the room, only half subduing the shadows that went creeping into corners and recesses. Something of a weird aspect was on every thing; and I could not but gaze at the two strangers in that strange place to them, under such peculiar circumstances, and wonder to see them so calm, dignified, and self-possessed. We sat down by the table on which the lamp was standing, the elder of the two opposite, and the younger a little turned away, so that her features were nearly concealed.

"Blanche," said the former, "the Doctor wishes to know the particular incidents connected with the death of Mrs. Allen."

I thought there was an uneasy movement on the part of the girl. She did not reply. There was a pause.

"The facts are simply these, Doctor," and the mother looked me steadily in the face, which stood out clear, as the lamp shone full on every feature. "From the moment of our arrival, Mrs. Allen has seemed like one possessed of an evil spirit. How she conducted herself before, is known to me only as reported by the servants. From the little they have communicated, I infer that for some time past she has not been in her right mind. How is it? You must know as to her sanity or insanity."

"She has not, in my opinion, been a truly sane woman for years," was my answer.

"As I just said," she continued, "she has seemed like one possessed of an evil spirit. In no way could we soften or conciliate her. Her conduct resembled more nearly that of some fierce wild beast whose den was invaded, than that of a human being. She would hold no friendly intercourse with us, and if we met at any time, or in any part of the house, she would fix her keen black eyes upon us, with an expression that sent a shudder to the heart. My daughter scarcely dared venture from her room. She so dreaded to meet her. Twice, as she flew past me, in her restless wanderings over the house, muttering to herself, I heard her say, as she struck her clenched hand in the air, 'I can do it again, and I will!'"

A cold chill crept over me, for I remembered the death of Captain Allen; and this was like a confirmation of what I had feared as to foul play.

"There is no trusting one wholly or even partially insane. So we were always on our guard. Not once, but many times during the few nights we have spent here, have we heard the door of our chamber tried after midnight. It was plain to us that it was not safe to live in this way, and so we had come to the reluctant conclusion that personal restraint must be secured. The question as to how this could best be done we had not yet decided, when death unravelled the difficulty."

The speaker ceased at this part of her narrative, and lifting from the table a small bell, rung it. A maid entered. I had never seen her before.

"Tell Jackson that I want him."

The girl curtsied respectfully, and withdrew.

Nothing more was said, until a man, whom I recognized at a glance to be a regularly trained English servant, presented himself.

"Jackson," said the lady, "I wish you to relate, exactly, what occurred just previously to, and at the time of, Mrs. Allen's death."

The man looked bewildered for a moment or two; but soon recovering himself, answered without hesitation.

"Hit 'appened just in this way, ma'am. I was a comin' hup stairs, when I met the hold lady a tearin' down like a mad cat. She looked kind o' awful. I never saw any body out of an 'ospital look that way in all my life before. She 'eld an hiron poker in 'er 'and. As my young lady—" and he looked towards Blanche—"was in the 'all, I didn't think it safe for 'er if I let the hold woman go down. So I just stood in 'er way, and put my harms across the stairs so"—stretching his arms out. "My! but 'ow she did fire up! She stood almost a minute, and then sprung on me as if she was a tiger. But I was the strongest, and 'olding 'er in my harms like as I would a mad kitten, I carried 'er hup to 'er room, put 'er hin, and shut the door. My young lady saw it hall, for she followed right hup after me."

He looked towards Blanche.

"Just as it occurred," she said, in a low, sweet, fluttering voice.

"I heard the strife," said her mother, "and ran up to see what was the matter. I reached the door of Mrs. Allen's room just as Jackson thrust her in. He did not use any more violence than was needed in a case of such sudden emergency. He is strong, and held her so tightly that she could not even struggle. One wild, fierce scream rent the air, as he shut the door, and then all was silent as death. I went in to her instantly. She was on the floor, in a convulsion. You were sent for immediately; but it was too late for human intervention. Jackson, you can go."

The man bowed with an air of deferential respect, and retired.

"Now, sir," she added, turning to me, "you have the facts as they occurred. I have no wish to give them publicity, for they are family matters, and these are always in their degree, sacred. If, however, you think it your duty as a physician, to make the matter one of official investigation, I can have nothing to say."

I thought for some minutes before answering. The story, as related by the servant, I fully credited.

"Let me see the body again," said I, coming at length to a conclusion.

We went up stairs, all three together; but only two of us entered the chamber of death. As we neared the door, Blanche caught at her mother's arm, and I heard her say, in a whisper,

"Dear mamma! spare me that sight again. It is too horrible!"

"The presence of your daughter is not needed," said I, interposing. "Let her retire to her own room."

"Thank you!" There was a grateful expression in her voice, as she uttered these brief words, and then went back, while we passed in to the apartment where the dead woman was still lying.

As I looked upon her face again, it seemed even more ghastly than before; and I could hardly repress a shudder. My companion held a lamp, while I made as careful an examination as was possible under the circumstances. I did not expect to find any marks of violence, though I searched for them about her head, neck and chest. But, under the circumstances, I felt it to be my duty to know, from actual search, that no such signs existed. In every aspect presented by the corpse, there was a corroboration of the story related by the serving man. It was plain, that in a fit of half insane, uncontrollable passion, the nice adjustment of physical forces had been lost.

"I am fully satisfied, madam," said I, at length, turning from my unpleasant task.

She let her calm, earnest eyes, dwell on mine for a few moments, and then answered, with a softened tone, in which there was just a perceptible thrill of feeling—

"If I were a believer in omens, I should take this sad incident, following so quickly on our removal to a new country and a new home, as foreshadowing evil to me or mine. But I do not so read external events."

"Between a life like hers, and a life like yours, madam, there can be no possible nearness; nor any relation between your spiritual affinities and hers. The antipodes are not farther apart," said I in return; "therefore, nothing that has befallen her can be ominous as to you."

"I trust not," she gravely answered, as we left the room together.

To my inquiry if I could serve her in any way, in the present matter, she simply requested me to send a respectable undertaker, who would perform what was fitting in the last rites due to the dead.

I promised, and retired.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1859.

TERMS, &c.

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THE GREAT EASTERN.

The Agent of the Great Eastern who is now in Portland, making arrangements for her arrival, and who we suppose speaks with knowledge, states—as we understand the Portland Advertiser—that she will not visit New York. She cannot be worked inside the Narrows, and her owners do not consider the vicinity of Hell Gate, in the East river, to be furnished with suitable accommodations.

For the sake of the tens of thousands who will doubtless visit Portland to see this wonder of the deep, we may state that the steamer will entertain guests on board during her stay, in case the rush of visitors shall require it, and that from eight hundred to one thousand guests can be entertained. In this way, with the means at the command of the hotels, five thousand strangers can be easily accommodated, and an equal number in private families, so that ten thousand strangers daily will find accommodations during the stay of three weeks at Portland. The steamer is expected to make one or two trips to sea while at Portland, carrying ten thousand persons.

In case the Great Eastern should be a success, and vessels of her size should supplant the smaller steamships—as they have already supplanted to a great degree the sailing vessels—it becomes a question whether the city of New York would not seriously suffer. Very little things often affect greatly the prosperity of cities and nations. One not inconsiderable reason of the transfer of a large shipping trade from this city to New York, was the fact that a small duty was levied for years upon gunny bags by the Custom House here, while the same article was admitted free at New York. This small duty often determined the destination of whole cargoes. Now New York harbor is just about deep enough for the present size of steamships—and, as we see by a late official report, is yearly becoming shallower. Whether by building wharves on the East river, about seven miles from the City Hall, and extending an arm of the city in that direction, proper accommodations could be given to vessels of the size of the Great Eastern, and the present superiority of the port be preserved, we are unable to say. One thing, however, would seem to be certain, that if the Great Eastern should be a mercantile and financial success, then New York must be able to accommodate vessels of her size, or suffer greatly in consequence.

As to Philadelphia, her citizens see clearly that her pre-eminence must be a manufacturing one—and must depend mainly upon supplying the great and constantly increasing internal commerce of the country. Every year the foreign commerce dwindles as compared with the domestic. Every year the domestic manufacturer encroaches upon the foreign one—pushing the latter's wares out of the home, sometimes out of the foreign market. The time is coming when the great bulk of what is used in the country, will be made in the country. Our cotton and woolen cloths, and all articles of iron, within perhaps fifty years, will be almost exclusively manufactured at home. Of this home manufacture, Philadelphia aims to do her full share. She willingly concedes to her sister New York, the credit of being the "Great Commercial Emporium," and would rather she should keep that proud position than lose it to another. It is more to the convenience and interest of Philadelphia that the great shipping port of the country should be near, than far. Therefore, with all our good wishes for Portland, we would rather not see her pluck the crown of commerce from New York. The foreign trade of a country like this, must always be very large—though, as we have said, ultimately very small in comparison with the domestic trade. And that New York may continue to be the great mart of that foreign trade, in preference to more distant cities, is certainly a thing to be desired by every intelligent Philadelphian.

MAIDS AND MISTRESSES.

The English and Scotch house servants have the reputation of being excellent ones, and far superior to what families in this country have generally to be satisfied with—and yet, judging by occasional articles in the London Punch and other British periodicals, housekeepers in that part of the world are by no means free from annoyances in this respect. A late number of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, contains an imaginary conversation between a husband and wife upon this rather provoking subject. The ground taken by the husband is the charitable one—Do not expect too much from Susan; take occasional breakages of china, and burnings and scorchings of victuals, coolly and patiently, &c., &c. See how well Charles argues it with his sweet wife Kate:—

"You don't handle the china and other breakable articles of domestic use as Susan does, so you don't break them; and as you do not seem to make any allowance for Susan on this account, I call you somewhat unreasonable. How often, Kate, in the course of the year, do you set the lunch out? Your poor parlor-maid has 365 chances *per annum* of throwing down your crockery-ware, whilst you have no chance at all. Surely, then, to institute a comparison between yourself and Susan, in this matter, and to condemn her for breaking so much more than you do, is most unjust. You would be the first to call such a proceeding *unreasonable*, in any case in which you had no concern; and if you object to the application of the term to mistresses who act in this way, it is because we are all apt to be blind to our own failings. * * * * * * To sum up my argument, you—and when I say you, I don't mean you, Kitty, in particular, but the majority of mistresses—are discontented and unjust to your servants, because you judge them by an unfair standard, and because you seek for a degree of perfection in them which you would never expect to find in women of your own class."

This is all very good, and worth considering. Kate herself is convinced by it—as the conclusion of the article referred to shows. We subjoin it:—

"You are not angry at my sermonising, are you Kate?" said Charles.

"Oh dear, no; but really, dear, without any nonsense, servants are so tiresome. Gentlemen have always business or something which occupies them all day long away, and they don't see what we poor mistresses have to put up with at home. If your temper, Charles, was only half as much tried as mine is sometimes half-a-dozen times in a day, I am sure you would— *But, good gracious! WHAT IS THAT?*" cried my wife, starting to her feet, at the sound of an awful crash in the drawing-room over our heads.

"Why, hang it, Kate," said I, rushing to the door, "somebody has upset the aquarium. That clumsy blockhead, Thomas, I'll be bound. I told you that you never would make a page of him, and you ought not to have tried. I'll send him about his business in a—"

"If you please, mem," said Susan, opening the door in my face—"if you please, mem, Tammas 'as upset the quarium a-shetting the shetters, and the neminies and other cratures is a-crawling all over the room."

"For Heaven's sake, Kate, make haste, and see to it. We shall have ten gallons of salt water through the ceiling, if you don't. As for that stupid little fool, Thomas, I'll box his ears when I catch him. But, Kate, what on earth are you about? Why don't you go and see what is to be done?"

"Charles, my love," said Kate, very slowly and emphatically, and without stirring from the corner of the sofa on which she had reseated herself after the first moment of surprise and alarm—"Charles, my love, I have not so soon forgotten the admirable lesson which you have been so good as to give me. An accident of this kind is no greater fault in a page than it would be in a prince, and it would be wrong in us if the relationship in which we stand to the offender should tempt us to overwhelm him with a *torrent of invective*."

I can't say—indeed, I have no idea—what other husbands would have done in a like situation, but without attempting a reply I hastened to the scene of the disaster. Kate soon followed me; and for nearly an hour we were too busily engaged in directing the engineering operations necessary for the speedy draining of the lake which the blundering Thomas had made in the middle of the drawing-room, to speak or think of anything else. Our new carpet was completely spoiled, and

the whole damage must have amounted to twenty pounds at the least; but though a careful and economical housewife, and devotedly attached to her furniture, Kate never uttered a word of complaint; *indeed, I verily believe that she rejoiced at the occurrence.*

NOTES ON BOOKS.

The week brings us a new volume—the twenty-second—of De Quincey's writings, THE LOGIC OF POLITICAL ECONOMY AND OTHER PAPERS. (Ticknor & Fields, Boston.) The leading article belongs to the school of Ricardo, and is devoted to an exposition of the politico-economical doctrine of Value. But let no one suppose that even on so abstruse and unpromising a subject, De Quincey has consented to the style of Dr. Dryasdust. Far from it. The paven walk flowers beneath his feet as we follow him; all the literary graces attend our journey; and every now and then the whole sky is lighted with the sudden miraculous burst and bloom of that strange and splendid phantom imagery whose pageant beauty those who have travelled with this author know full well. As usual, the reasoning is admirably acute, discriminating, subtle, consecutive and clear, and the author's nice and wide literary and scholastic attainments are all pressed into the service of the theme. Whatever may be thought of the views taken, or the standpoints which make them possible, one cannot but admire; and also regret, be he friend or foe, that De Quincey has let life go by without writing an exhaustive work on a theme he handles so well. But regrets for the discursive and fragmentary character of De Quincey's writings may be tempered by the consideration that the latter have still qualified to a considerable degree the mental life of the time. Among the other papers of this volume are two or three clever stories, and, of graver cast, some memoranda, prefixed to a sketch of Milton's life, in which De Quincey, with exquisite forensic dexterity, resistless logic, humor, sarcasm, irony, invective—in a word, with all the arts and powers of his rhetoric, exterminates the calumnies sent forth by Dr. Johnson against the great English poet and patriot. The criticism is in De Quincey's best manner, and cannot be read without ineffable satisfaction.

THE HARPER'S FERRY TRAGEDY.

We gave, in a portion of our last week's edition, the facts relative to the recent attempted insurrection, as they came to hand. We narrated there the breaking out of the insurrection on Sunday night—the immediate taking possession of Harper's Ferry and the Arsenal by Capt. Brown and his party of eighteen—the stoppage of the Western railroad train bound to Baltimore—the allowing of the train to proceed after some hours' detention—the pouring in of the volunteers from the surrounding country and from Baltimore—the arrival of the corps of Marines from Washington—the driving of the insurrectionists into an engine house connected with the armory—and the capture of the party by the U. S. marines on Tuesday morning. In order to satisfy the almost universal interest in this matter, we select from the voluminous reports of the daily press, the following additional history of this insane and astonishing affair:—

THE NAMES OF THE INSURRECTIONISTS.—The names of all of Brown's party at the Ferry on Sunday night, except three white men whom he admits that he sent away on an errand, are as follow, with their proper titles, under the Provisional government:—

General John Brown, Commander-in-Chief; wounded, but will recover.

Capt. Oliver Brown; dead. Capt. Watson Brown; dead. Capt. John Kagi, of Ohio, raised in Virginia; dead. Capt. Aaron C. Stephens, of Connecticut, wounded badly; has three balls in his body and cannot possibly recover.

Lieut. Edwin Coppie, of Iowa; unhurt. Lieut. Albert Hazlett, of Pennsylvania; dead. Lieut. Jeremiah Anderson, of Indiana; dead. Lieut. Wm. Leman, of Maine; dead.

Capt. John E. Cook, of Connecticut; escaped.

Privates.—Stewart Taylor, of Canada; dead. Chas. P. Tidd, of Maine; dead. Wm. Thompson, of New York; dead. Dolph Thompson, of New York; dead.

The above, with the three whites previously sent off, make in all seventeen whites.

Negroes.—Dangerfield Newly, of Ohio, raised in Virginia; dead. Emperor, of New York, raised in South Carolina; not wounded; a prisoner. The latter was elected a member of Congress of the Provisional Government some time since. Lewis Leary, of Ohio, raised in Virginia; dead. Copeland, of Ohio, raised in Virginia; not wounded; a prisoner at Charlestown.

Gen. Brown has nine wounds, but none fatal.

A bushel of letters were discovered, from all parts of the country. One from Gerrit Smith, (written in June) we quote hereafter.

THE PROVISIONAL CONSTITUTION.—This is a long document with an anti-slavery preamble, found in Brown's house. It provides for a Provisional Government, with President, Judiciary, Congress, &c. The most noticeable sections are the following:—

Article XXVI—Treaties of Peace.—Before any treaty of peace shall take full effect, it shall be signed by the President, Vice President, Commander-in-Chief, a majority of the House of Representatives, a majority of the Supreme Court, and a majority of all the General Officers of the Army.

Article XXVIII—Property.—All capital or confiscated property, and all property the product of the labor of those belonging to this organization, and of their families, shall be held as the property of the whole, equally, without distinction, and may be used for the common benefit, or disposed of for the same object, &c.

Article XXXII—Prisoners.—No person after having surrendered himself or herself as such, to any officer or private connected with this organization shall afterward be put to death, or be subjected to any corporeal punishment without first having had the benefit of a fair and impartial trial, nor shall any prisoner be treated with any kind of cruelty, disrespect, insult or needless severity; but it shall be the duty of all persons, male and female, connected therewith, at all times and under all circumstances, to treat all such prisoners with every degree of respect and kindness that the nature of the circumstances will admit, and insist on a like course of conduct from all others as in the fear of Almighty God, to whose care and keeping we commit our cause.

Article XXXV—No Needless Waste.—The needless waste or destruction of any useful property or article by fire, throwing open of fences, fields, buildings, or needless killing of animals or injury of either, shall not be tolerated at any time or place, but shall be promptly and properly punished.

Article XLVI.—These articles are not for the overthrow of the Government. The foregoing articles shall not be construed so as in any way to encourage the overthrow of any State Government or of the General Government of the United States, and look to no dissolution of the Union, but simply to the amendment and repeal of certain existing laws; and our flag shall be the same that our fathers fought under in the Revolution.

THEIR PLANS.—Brown's plan was to first seize Harper's Ferry, and the arms, &c., there, and then march in a south-west direction. He says he made a mistake in waiting too long at that place, and was finally forced to fortify himself there in self defence. But this story seems rather doubtful—more probably the original plan was for him to stay there and hold the armory until reinforcements came in. He says he made one mistake, in either not detaining the train on Sunday night or else permitting it to go on unmolested. This mistake he seemed to infer exposed his doings too soon, and prevented his reinforcements coming.

THE GOVERNOR'S INTERVIEW WITH OLD BROWN.—Yesterday morning, says the Baltimore Sun, Governor Wise, accompanied by District Attorney Ould and several others, visited Brown in his bedroom. Brown was propped up in his bed, evidently suffering great pain from his numerous wounds, but with his mind collected, and looking calmly about him, now and then giving vent to a groan. The Governor, after questioning him several times, got him into a talkative mood, and he voluntarily made the following important disclosures:

"I rented the 'Kennedy Farm' from Dr. Kennedy, of Sharpsburg, Washington county, Md., and named it after him. Here I ordered to be sent from the East all things required for my undertaking. The boxes were double, so no one could suspect the contents of them, even the carters engaged in hanling them up from the wharf. All boxes and packages were directed to J. Smith & Son. I never had more than 22 men about the place, but I had it so arranged that I could arm, at any time, 1,500 men with the following arms: 200 Sharpe's rifles, 200 Maynard's revolvers, 1,000 spears and tomahawks. I would have armed the whites with the rifles and pistols, and the blacks with the spears, they not being sufficiently familiar with the other arms.

"I had plenty of fixed ammunition and enough provisions, and had a good right to expect the aid of from 2,000 to 5,000 men at any time I wanted. Help was promised me from Maryland, Kentucky, North and South Carolina, Virginia, and Canada. The blow was struck a little too soon. The passing of the train (Phelps, on Sunday night,) did the work against us—that killed us. I should not have let it pass. I only regret that I have failed in my designs, but I have no apologies to make or concessions to ask now. Had we succeeded, when our arms and funds were exhausted by an increasing army, contributions would have been levied on the slaveholders, and their property appropriated to defray expenses, and carry on the war of freedom. Had I known government money was in the safe here I would have appropriated it."

Old Brown here appeared quite exhausted, and leaned back in his bed, looking calmly around. Gov. Wise told him he had better be preparing for death, to which Brown responded that he (the Governor) though he might live fifteen years, would have a good deal to answer for at last, and had better be preparing now too.

THE FOLLOWING IS THE ANONYMOUS LETTER WHICH SECRETARY FLOYD UNLUCKILY PAID NO ATTENTION TO.—Cincinnati, Oct. 20.—Sir: I have lately received information of a movement of so great importance that I feel it to be my duty to impart it to you without delay. I have discovered the existence of a secret association, having for its object the liberation of the slaves at the South, by a general insurrection. The leader of the movement is "old John Brown," late of Kansas. He has been in Canada during the winter, drilling the negroes there, and they are only waiting his word to start for the South to assist the slaves. They have one of their leading men (a white man) in an armory in Maryland. Where it is situated, I have not been able to learn. As soon as everything is ready, those of their number who are in the Northern States and Canada are to come in small companies to their rendezvous, which is in the mountains in Virginia. They will pass down through Pennsylvania and Maryland, and enter Virginia at Harper's Ferry. Brown left the North about three or four weeks ago, and will arm the negroes and strike the blow in a few weeks, so that whatever is done must be done at once. They have a large quantity of arms at their rendezvous, and are probably distributing them already.

As I am not fully in their confidence, this is all the information I can give you. I dare not sign my name to this, but trust you will not disregard the warning on that account.

HOW THE SLAVES RECEIVED BROWN'S PROPOSITION.—A negro boy, belonging to Mr. Washington, who was taken by the insurgents at the time his master was, when he reached the Ferry was offered a pike, which he refused, when one of the insurgents told him that he was free, and should fight the whites. The boy replied, "I don't know anything about being free; I was free enough before you took me, and I'm not going to fight until I see Massa Lewis fighting, and then I dght for him." This boy was among the prisoners in the engine house.

There seems to have been very little aid rendered the party by the slaves generally. The fourteen whites and five free negroes, who composed the original party, seem to have constituted nearly the whole of their numbers.

GOVERNOR WISE INDULGING IN RATHER UNCOMPLIMENTARY REMARKS.—It is said that Gov. Wise is not very complimentary to the people of Harper's Ferry, imputing to them cowardice, in allowing such a handful of men to hold a population of nearly two thousand inhabitants prisoners for twenty-four hours. He also spoke of the fact of eight or ten men keeping forty or fifty citizens in confinement. One replied—

"Well, Governor, but you must remember we were packed together like sheep."

The Governor replied—

"Yes, I know that; but, I must say, I think you acted like sheep also."

BALTIMORE, Oct. 20.—In a conversation held with Captain Brown yesterday, in the presence of Senator Mason, Hon. Messrs. Faulkner, Vallandigham, and others, he made several answers which clearly demonstrate the complicity of numerous persons in the Northern, Western, and Eastern States. He refused to answer the question whether he had had a conference with Giddings, of Ohio, about his Virginia expedition. He admitted that he had correspondence with parties at the North on the subject, and had numerous sympathizers in all the free States.

JURISDICTION.—The arrangement about the jurisdiction has been settled in this way. The local authorities are to try the prisoners for murder, and in the meanwhile the United States authorities will proceed on the charge of treason.

Governor Wise said to Mr. Ould, the U. S. District Attorney, that he had no objection to the General Government proceeding against the prisoners, that is, what will be left of them by the time the Virginia authorities are done with them.

THE PAPERS FOUND ON OSSAWATTAMIE BROWN.—The "*Washington Star*" says:—The Government have received the papers found on the person and in the valise of Ossawattamie Brown. From all we have been able to gather with reference to their character, these papers disclose that he kept a daily journal, in which he set forth the details of his transactions, which show his purchase of arms in large quantities, and ammunition and stores of all kinds necessary to the success of an extensive insurrection—field spy-glasses, picks and shovels for throwing up temporary fortifications, calls, or boatswain's whistles of a new kind, being very shrill, and capable of being heard at a long distance, (which are supposed to have been intended for assembling his bands or warning them of danger,) were among these stores.

We understand that the names of various persons in different States are embraced in the papers found, as being well posted in regard to his plans and movements.

From the tenor of his papers it is now not to be doubted that the conspiracy of which he was the head and front, had an extensive organization in various States.

There is said to be nothing in the papers found showing that negroes or others belonging at Harper's Ferry or its vicinity were *participes criminis* before the fact in Brown's conspiracy.

Among other things embraced in this batch of papers are said to be the names of various persons upon whom he might rely for aid in case of necessity. It is also said to be apparent from them that he was promised instant extensive aid from abroad..which, as the result proves, failed him.

DESCRIPTION OF CAPT. JOHN E. COOK, OF THE "PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT."—BALTIMORE, Oct. 20.—The following is a description of "Captain" Cook, one of the leaders of the recent insurrection at Harper's Ferry, and for the arrest of whom $1,000 reward is offered. Stands from 5 feet 4 inches to 5 feet 5 inches high; weighs 132 pounds; walks with his breast projecting forward and head leaning towards the right side; has light hair, with a small growth around the upper lip, with a sallow complexion and sharp narrow face.

It is generally conceded that Cook is still in the mountains of Virginia or on the Maryland side of the river, and the neighborhood is so closely guarded that he can hardly escape. Other accounts have it that he has passed through Chambersburgh and escaped to Canada. His wife, who left at the same time, has been seen in Harrisburg, on Tuesday, and took boarding in the same house with Brown's daughter-in-law.

INCIDENTS.—Mr. Lewis Washington, one of the hostages captured by Capt. Brown, but subsequently safely rescued, is said to be a lineal descendant of Gen. George Washington. Mr. Faulkner, late member of Congress from the Martinsburg district, it is stated, behaved with great gallantly on the occasion, as indeed did most of the leading men of both parties in the neighborhood. Mr. Washington's watch and money were taken from him by the insurgents, but subsequently returned to him.

SOME FACTS ABOUT BROWN.—Brown was living in New York before he went to Kansas with his seven sons. He lost two of his sons in the difficulties there. He became the leader of one of the Free State bands, and was noted for his coolness and daring. He was very ultra in his views—so much so that he was put under arrest at one time by the Free State leaders for publicly denouncing their treaty with Governor Shannon.

THE LETTER FROM GERRIT SMITH TO CAPT. JOHN BROWN.—"PETERSBORO', June 4, '59.—Capt. John Brown—My dear friend:—I wrote you a week ago, directing my letter to care of Mr. Kearney. He replied informing me that he had forwarded the letter to Washington. But as Mr. Morton received last evening a letter from Mr. Sanborn, saying your address would be your son's home, viz.: West Andover, I therefore write you without delay, and direct my letter to your son. I have done what I could thus far for Kansas, and what I could to keep you at your Kansas work. Losses by endorsement and otherwise have brought me under heavy embarrassments the last two years, but I must nevertheless continue to do in order to keep you at your Kansas work. I send you herewith my draft for $200. Let me hear from you on receipt of this letter. You live in our hearts, and our prayer to God is that you may have strength to continue in your Kansas work. My wife joins me in affectionate regard to you, dear John, whom we both hold in very high esteem. I suppose you put the Whitman note into Mr. Kearney's hands. It will be a great shame if Whitman does not pay it. What a noble man is Mr. Kearney! How liberally he has contributed to keep you in your Kansas work. Your friend,

"GERRIT SMITH."

On the back of this letter is endorsed—

"Gerrit Smith answered June 17th, and enclosed E. B. Whitman's note, and H. Tubman's receipt."

LETTER FROM CHARLES BLAIR.

"*Collinsville, Conn., June* 10, 1859.—Friend Brown—Your favor of the 7th instant was duly received, with the draft on New York for $300. I have made arrangements to have the goods finished up as soon as possible. The only man I could think of in this vicinity, who is in a situation to do it, I have agreed with. But he would not agree to get them all out in less time than eight weeks. Perhaps he can finish up one-half the number soon, if you desire it. But he has positively agreed to have them all out in eight weeks. I find that some of the handles have come up missing, and I shall not be able to make out more than about 950. Considering the delay and the extra trouble I am to be at, I think you will be satisfied with that number. I could have furnished them when I had them under way for much less than I can now. Wishing you peace and prosperity, I remain yours, truly, "CHARLES BLAIR."

There was also found the following receipt:

"Received, Collinsville, June 4th, 1859, of John Brown, on contract of 1857, one hundred and fifty dollars. CHARLES BLAIR."

LETTER FROM O. S. TO CAPT. BROWN, JR.

"*Chambersburg, Pa., Sept. 9th*, 1859.—Dear Brother, Sister and others:—All is well with us. At present our prospecting appears to be favorable, and some of us will find employment in a few days. Tidd is here. God speed you. Your brother, O. S."

LETTER FROM FRED. DOUGLASS.

My Dear Captain Brown:—I am very busy at home. Will you please come up with my son Fred, and take a mouthful with me? In haste, yours, truly, FRED. DOUGLASS.

LETTER FROM M. R. DELANEY TO J. H. KAGI.

Among the papers was found a letter dated at Chatham, Canada, Aug. 16th, one or two paragraphs of which are of interest. Delaney says:—"I have been anxiously looking and expecting to see something of uncle's movements, but as yet have seen nothing; the letter from you being the first intimation of his whereabouts since he wrote me. Please send me any paper that may mention your doings. All are in good spirits here, hoping and waiting for the good time coming."

The letter fell into the hands of Tidd, (now dead) who opened it and appended to it:—"Friend Kagi, seeing a letter for you from Canada, and knowing that a letter from there would relate to business, I took the liberty to peruse it. I know you will not think hard.

TIDD."

Besides the above were several letter sheets of manuscript, so closely written as to be almost illegible; but it was a sort of scriptural writing—a poetical effusion by W. H. Leeman, one of the insurgents, and several papers which were taken by Gov. Wise, and which are mentioned under the telegraphic head. A manual of guerilla warfare, with instructions to use the lance, so many of which were found, was carefully preserved.

A writer in the Baltimore *Exchange* gives the following account of the personal appearance of the insurgents:

Old Brown, the leader, is a small man, with white head and beard, and cold-looking gray eyes. When not speaking his lips are compressed, and he has the appearance of a most determined man. His two sons (one dead) were strikingly alike in their personal appearance. Each about five feet eleven inches high, with spare visage, sallow complexion, sunken eyes, and dark hair and beard. The beard was sparse and long, and their hair long and matted. The wounded man is of undoubted courage, and from his cold sullen manner, one would suppose did not ask for or desire sympathy. Anderson, mortally wounded, is tall, black haired, and of dark complexion. His appearance is indicative of desperate resolution. Although suffering the most intense agony from the wound in the abdomen, he did not complain, or ask for any favor, and the only evidence he gave of suffering was occasionally a slight groan. He looks to be about thirty years of age. Stevens, who was wounded on Monday afternoon, and taken prisoner, is physically a model man. He is five feet eleven inches high, with fine brawny shoulders and large sinewy limbs, all the muscles finely developed and hard. He is of dark complexion, and of undoubted resolution. When taken prisoner he did not ask or expect quarter, and lay and suffered from his wounds, without complaint other than a groan.

Coppie, who was taken prisoner uninjured, is a small-sized man, but very compactly built. He has light blue eyes, and the only one of the entire number who has a pleasing expression of countenance. He was in a most agreeable humor, and said it was immaterial to him how or in what manner he was disposed of; that he would prefer a trial by jury, but if those who had him in their power preferred to settle his case in some other manner, it would be agreeable to him.

Green, the negro, is a large man, with a very bad countenance and expression, and a most arrant coward. He cringes and begs to every person who approaches him.

THE MARINES.—The armory was taken by less than a dozen Marines led by Lieut. Israel Greene. Lieut. Greene went in command of his company, reported to Col. Lee, of the Army, for duty, was ordered to break down the armory doors with his Marines, and did it gallantly, and to him belongs the credit. The whole of the fighting was done by a squad of eight Marines from the right of the line, mostly veterans in the service, who carried the engine house at the point of the bayonet.

ARREST OF INNOCENT PARTIES—NO SLAVES IN THE PLOT—PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION OF THE PRISONERS.—HARPER'S FERRY, Oct. 20, 9, P. M.—The town and neighborhood are filled with persons of all descriptions, who are roaming about with government arms in their hands, some of whom are intoxicated and disorderly, arresting innocent parties without cause. Mr. G. W. Dilbard, of Charlottesville, Virginia, was arrested about two miles from town by some of these parties because he was a stranger to them, and had a spear in his hand. He was of course immediately released by the authorities of the town. B. C. Wyman, of Madison Court House, Va., a delegate to the Presbyterian Synod at Shepherdstown, Va., was also taken into custody, and released. The justices of the peace have made arrangements to have all the arms of the State and general government in the hands of such parties collected and restored.

The insurgent Brown rented his house from Dr. Kennedy, of Hagerstown, at thirty-five dollars rent per year, under the name of Smith.

Mr. Wm. Lee, living near this place, son of the late Benj. Watkins Lee, released a boatman who had been captured by a person under the influence of liquor. He took his captive's musket and returned it to the armory.

It is a remarkable fact that not a single slave joined the party of insurgents. Those who were taken prisoners made their escape from their captors at the first opportunity and returned to their masters. One of the negroes from the West, captured at the rifle factory, was taken to the Charlestown jail. The propositions to lynch him were overruled by the good sense of the citizens.

It is understood that the examination trial of the prisoners peculiar to Virginia, being an examination on both sides preliminary to indictment, will commence on the 25th instant, and their indictments and trial will take place the present term of the State Court at Charlestown. The jail has an extra guard of citizen soldiery, and a piece of cannon is placed upon the Court-house yard, near the jail. Col. Shutt has just arrived here with authority from the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to organise an extra guard for the protection of the bridges and road. Everything, however, is perfectly quiet on the whole line of road, and all apprehension of danger is at an end.

THE ANTECEDENTS OF BROWN.—A writer in the New York Commercial says:—"He is the son of a wealthy farmer of Hudson, Portage county, Ohio, by the name of Owen or Squire Brown, as he was generally called. Capt. John Brown was born in Connecticut, but resided for more than thirty years in Hudson township, Ohio, on a dairy farm, but subsequently embarked in wool growing, in which business he was quite successful, until he accompanied a very large venture of the finest qualities of that article to England. This speculation resulted in a ruinous loss, and from that time to this he has been more or less absorbed in the furtherance of Abolition views, on which subject he was a complete fanatic."

THE DESIGNS OF THE INSURRECTIONISTS—THEIR INTENTION TO HAVE SEIZED AND IMPRISONED THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—The reporter of the Baltimore Sun, yesterday morning conversed with a gentleman of veracity, direct from Harper's Ferry. He stated that "old Brown" and his confederates were overheard in their ravings on Tuesday night previous, giving vent to their overcharged brains. Their ejaculations were overheard from the quarters where Brown and Stevens were confined. Brown was heard to say, that in the event of their success, the insurgents contemplated the capture of Washington, the seizure of the Federal Government, and the imprisonment of the President and his Cabinet. The schemers of the revolution were in the confidence of five of the revolutionary spirits of the Southern and eight of the Northern States. It is a fact worthy of notice that all the spears captured by the United States are one foot longer than the musket and bayonet of the army, and their use, it is evident, was to be mainly employed in keeping the United States soldiers at bay.

BROWN'S SPEECH TO THE REPORTERS.—Brown made a speech to the Reporters of the Press, in which he justified his course. And then said: These wounds were inflicted upon me, both the sabre cut on my head and the bayonet stabs in the different parts of my body, some minutes after I had ceased fighting, and had consented to surrender for the benefit of others, and not for my own benefit.

[Several persons present denied this statement.]

Brown resumed—I believe the Major here (pointing to Lieut. Stuart.) would not have been alive but for me. I might have killed him just as easy as I could kill a musquito, when he came in, but I supposed that he came in only to receive our surrender. There had been long and loud calls of surrender from us—as loud as men could yell—but in the confusion and excitement I suppose we were not heard. I do not believe the Major, or any one else, wanted to butcher us after we had surrendered.

An officer present here stated that special orders had been given to the marines not to shoot anybody, but when they were fired upon by Brown's men, and one of them had been killed and another wounded, they were obliged to return the compliment.

Brown insisted, with some warmth, that the marines fired first.

An officer—Why did you not surrender before the attack?

Brown—I did not think it was my duty or interest to do so. We assured our prisoners that we did not wish to hurt them, and that they should be set at liberty. I exercised my best judgment, not believing the people would wantonly sacrifice their own fellow-citizens. When we offered to let them go upon condition of being allowed to change our position about a quarter of a mile, the prisoners agreed, by vote among themselves, to pass across the bridge with us. We wanted them only as a sort of guarantee for our own safety, that we should not be fired into. We took them, in the first place, as hostages, and to keep them from doing any harm. We did kill some, when defending ourselves, but I saw no one fire except directly in self-defence. Our orders were strict, not to harm any one not in arms against us.

THE POINTS OF ATTACK.—In a trunk, supposed to have belonged to Capt. Brown, were found seven small though elaborate maps of as many different States, bearing peculiar marks, which would seem to indicate that the points of attack, and the course of the insurrectionary movement through the South, had already been carefully determined upon by this well organized and confident league of traitors. Certain counties in the seven States, of which only these maps were obtained, bear cross marks, formed by a pen, and in several instances, as if to command greater particularity of attention, or to suggest perhaps more available points of attack, circular lines are drawn around the crosses.

The designated counties in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, form a continuous chain of districts, or route of travel, from Georgetown; and from Beaufort, South Carolina, along the Savannah river, to the Chattahoochee river, on the western border of Georgia; from thence, passing through convenient points on the Alabama and Tombigbee rivers to the borders of Mississippi, from whence it continues, with little interruption, to the Red river. The maps, which are about 18 by 12 inches, are carefully and neatly pasted on stout cambric cloth. Upon the margin of each map is pasted the census returns of 1850 of its State; giving in detail the relative strength of the white and slave population of each county, and the proportion of females to the whole number of inhabitants. In the counties marked the slave population vastly preponderates, and might therefore have been deemed a safer field of operation for the abolition invaders.

COOK SUPPOSED TO BE AT CHAMBERSBURG.—Chambersburg, Pa., Oct. 21.—This community has been considerably excited to-day by the appearance at noon, of one of the fugitives from Harper's Ferry, supposed to have been Captain Cook. He escaped through the garden of the house where Cook's wife is. At the foot of this garden, a blanket containing a Sharpe's rifle, unloaded, was found. The blanket is known to have been in his possession.

Immediate pursuit was made by a number of citizens, but no trace could be discovered.

Parties are now in pursuit of him, and others leave in the morning. It is supposed that others of the fugitives are in the neighborhood, and efforts are now being made to ferret them out. If they are caught, there will be no favor or protection extended to them by our citizens.

GOVERNOR WISE AT RICHMOND.—Richmond, Va., Oct. 21.—Gov. Wise was received to-day by company F. and escorted to the capitol. He addressed the throng from the steps of the capitol, saying he had taken the responsibility of placing a guard at Harper's Ferry, and would distribute arms at all accessible points throughout the State.

DISTRICT-ATTORNEY OULD'S REPORT.—The following is District-Attorney Ould's despatch to the President:

HARPER'S FERRY, Oct. 18, 1859.

To his Excellency the President of the U. States:

Everything is quiet. There are only five prisoners—three wounded, and two unhurt. Six citizens have been killed, and one marine. All the citizens were killed outside the limits of the U. States territory in Virginia. The marine was mortally wounded within it. I have seen Col. Lee, but not Gov. Wise. Only 19 persons were engaged in the matter, of whom five were free negroes from the North. Brown has been living a few miles from here, in Maryland, since June last. His premises were searched to-day, and fifteen hundred pikes and two hundred guns found, beside flints, axes, blankets, clothing, &c., in abundance. Brown says he has contemplated this movement since 1856. All of his party are either killed or captured except one, who left on Monday. They were driven by the Virginians into the armory, and there Colonel Lee and twelve marines did the balance. All the slaves engaged, if any, were forced. None of the persons held by Brown were hurt, although all were in the building stormed by the marines. The books and papers of Brown are secured, which throw considerable light on the movement. Strange it is, but true, that Brown and his eighteen men took possession of the Government property and town, and held them during Sunday night and Monday. The Government money is safe. It is not known which party killed the marine.—The man who carried off Lewis Washington is one of the wounded prisoners. I do not apprehend any violence to the prisoners.

ROBERT OULD.

CAPTURE OF ONE OF BROWN'S PARTY.—Carlisle, Pa., Oct. 22.—A man (calling himself William Harrison,) who was at first supposed to be Capt. Cook, of the Harper's Ferry insurrection, was arrested here at noon to-day. He was the same man seen in Chambersburg talking with Mrs. Cook, yesterday. He was armed heavily. He is now supposed not to be Capt. Cook, but one of his party. He is taller than Cook's published height. He had on his person three revolvers and two bowie knives. It is reported that his friends intend applying for a writ of *habeas corpus*.

A CARD FROM GIDDINGS.—Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, who is now lecturing in Philadelphia, publishes a card, in which he accuses Senator Mason and Messrs. Faulkner and Vallandingham of being the true authors of the late insurrectionary attempt, by their course relative to Kansas, and winds up as follows: "To the public I will say that Brown never consulted me in regard to his Virginia expedition, or any other expedition or matter whatever.

J. R. GIDDINGS."

FOREIGN NEWS.

PROBABLE POSTPONEMENT OF THE GREAT EASTERN'S TRIP—COTTON IMPROVING—BREADSTUFFS ADVANCING.

The Anglo Saxon, at Farther Point, on the 23rd, brings Liverpool advices to the 12th.

The steamship Great Eastern had reached Holyhead, and her performance, though said to be successful during the run from Portland, showed only moderate speed, and doubts are expressed of her being despatched on the proposed American trip this season. The average speed for the whole trip was a little over 13 knots, but during the greater part of the trip, the engines were not run at over half-speed.—The paddles averaged ten and the screw 38 revolutions per minute, working at a pressure of twenty pounds of steam. The greatest speed attained was over fourteen and a-half knots, or nearly seventeen miles per hour. This was accomplished without special exertions by the engines, but there was considerable canvas spread. The weather was squally, and at times there was a long, heavy ground swell, causing, according to some authorities, a good deal of pitching and rolling, while others say that the motion at all times was most slight, and the ship under the most perfect control.—It is reported that she would remain at Holyhead ten or twelve days, and then proceed to Southampton. She is to have her boilers thoroughly repaired, in accordance with the requirements of the Board of Trade.

The correspondent of the London Times, who was on board the Great Eastern, in a letter written before the run to Holyhead, says that the ship will probably lay up at Southampton during the winter.

THE ZURICH CONFERENCE.—The peace negotiations in the Zurich Conference are said to be making but little progress. The difficulties that hinder an adjustment have not been settled, and it is considered doubtful when the treaty will be signed. The three plenipotentiaries held a conference on the 8th inst., after which couriers were despatched to Vienna and Turin. The correspondent of the London Times says the delay is attributed to Austria, and that the Vienna Cabinet is doing all it can to win France to its views, while, at the same time, it is reported as preparing a coalition against Napoleon in Germany.

ITALY.—It is stated that the French Consul at Parma has been ordered to leave, unless prompt justice should be enforced against the murderers of Count Anviti. The government of Parma has decided to act severely, and the investigation is progressing. The official Piedmontese Gazette brands the crime as execrable.

The national subscription for the purchase of a million of muskets, is proceeding with great success.

The organization of the military forces of the Italian League is being completed. Volunteers are daily coming in great numbers from Venetia, and deserters from the Papal army are flocking in.

The official Piedmontese Gazette denies that King Victor Emmanuel has been appointed Dictator in the Legations.

The Times states that the want of funds by the governments of Central Italy is represented as daily becoming more severe, and it is doubtless upon a break down in this respect that the Emperors of France and Austria mainly calculates for the restoration of the old rulers. The agents of Tuscany are understood to have been unsuccessful in the attempt to raise one or two millions in London.

FRANCE.—Commercial affairs in France are reported as unsatisfactory. There has been a slight decline in the price of wheat flour at Paris. The quality of the new vintage is said to be quite inferior.

All the Catholic Bishops have received orders from Rome to preach in favor of the restoration of the Italian Dukes.

The Paris Journal says that Napoleon is getting disgusted at the procrastination of Austria in relation to the Italian question, and for the moment French policy inclines to a more intimate understanding with England.

ENGLAND.—Rumors are afloat of considerable differences in the English cabinet in relation to the Chinese question, and there appears to be a probability of a split.

Robert Stephenson, the eminent engineer, is reported as dying.

The builders' strike is still unadjusted.

The London News says there is good reason to suppose that the American differences will soon be settled. The language of the U. S. Government is fair and honorable.

CHINA.—The dates from China received by the overland mail are to Sept. 10.

The Peiho river and the Grand Canal are still blockaded by the English and French war vessels.

The American Minister, Mr. Ward, was still negotiating with the Chinese, and was about to proceed to Pekin.

Ching Kong, the celebrated rebel leader, has been killed by his own people.

Minister Mason's funeral took place on the 5th instant, at the United States Chapel. The foreign embassies were all represented. The attendance was numerous. The body will be sent immediately to America.

The Patrie says a special corps of 1,500 men will go to China via Egypt.

The fortifications on the coast from Havre to Caen have been carried on with extreme rapidity.

The London Herald's Paris correspondent says, "it is strictly true that Napoleon has a secret understanding with Austria and Sardinia which enables him to command the whole Italian seaboard as far as Civita Vecchia; and another step in the furtherance of the schemes is the expedition to Morocco, as the Mediterranean Squadron, which sailed from Toulon with 10,000 men for Morocco, would command the African coast from Algiers to Ceuta."

The Bishop of Orleans, in joining an ultramontane demonstration, given by the French Bishops, on account of Italian affairs, hinted at the possible invasion of Ireland by Gen. McMahon.

The London Times is assured that six steel-plated frigates have been ordered, and twenty large transports, capable of carrying fifteen hundred men each, are building or ordered to be commenced.

ITALY.—A despatch from Modena states that M. Anviti, President of the late military Commission of the Ex-Duke of Modena was discovered on the 5th inst., to have arrived in the city of Parma in disguise, having gone thither for the purpose of getting up a conspiracy. The door of the guard house, where he took refuge, was forced by the excited populace, and Anviti was killed. Perfect tranquillity was subsequently restored.

Another account says that M. Anviti was merely passing through the city, when, on being recognized he was buffeted by the mob, and finally his head cut off and carried in triumph.

It is confirmed that the Sardinian Minister at Rome has received his passports.

M. Mazzini has addressed a letter to the King of Sardinia, frankly renouncing his personal opinions and promising him the support of the Democratic party if the King can and will make Italy free.

It is said that the Pope has informed the Great Powers that he would not give up his temporal powers, and will, if necessary, call upon the Catholic powers to protect him.

Garibaldi, at latest accounts, was at Rimini. During his visit to Ravenna he made an excursion through the famous forest of the Pineta, amongst whose shrubs and ancient trees he had sheltered himself and his unhappy wife when, after the fall of Rome, he was hunted by the Austrians. He also visited, with his two sons, his wife's grave, near the village of Mandriole, in the vicinity of Ravenna. An eye witness says that it was really a heart-rending scene, for such tears were trembling in the great warrior's eyes as perhaps had not watered his noble face since the day he lost the mother of his children.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, Oct. 11.—The Cotton market closes firm. There has been an improved demand for fair and middling qualities, though some authorities quote an advance of ¼d. The Manchester advices are unfavorable, and all descriptions of goods have declined. Yarns are fully ¼d lower for some descriptions.

BREADSTUFFS.—Breadstuffs closed firm, the American advices brought by the Persia having caused an advance. Flour is firm at an advance of 6d@1s per sack and barrel. Wheat is also firm at 2d advance per cental. Corn firm at an advance of 6d@1s per quarter. The news by the Persia caused an advance in corn as well as for other descriptions, but at the same time checked business.

Provisions closed quiet. Beef steady; Pork dull at 56s; Bacon dull; Lard quiet but steady; for Tallow the market is generally unchanged.

Pot and Pearl Ashes are steady at 27s 6d@27s 9d for both: Sugar steady; Coffee quiet; Rice firm; Rosin steady at 4s 2d for common; Spirits Turpentine dull.

LONDON MARKETS, Oct. 11.—Wheat closed firm at a partial advance of 1s. Sugar firm; Coffee firm; Tea also closed firm: Rice steady; Linseed Oil 28s 3d.

LONDON MONEY MARKET, Oct. 11.—American securities are generally unchanged. Consols are quoted at 95¾@96.

SOLVED.—The great problem of the source of the Nile, which has occupied the attention of the world for so many ages, may now be considered as definitely solved. Capt. Speke, who has just returned to England from an extensive tour in Central Africa, in company with Capt. Burton, discovered a lake called by the natives Nyanza, but by the Arabs Ukerewe, which appears to be the great reservoir of the Nile. It extends from 2 deg. 30 min. South to 3 deg. 30 min. North latitude, lying across the equator in East longitude 43 deg. Its waters are the drainage of numerous hills which surround it on every side. The new lake washes out the Mountains of the Moon, as at present existing in our atlases.

THE House of Bishops, at Richmond, have given Bishop Onderdonk leave to withdraw his memorial, thus finally disposing of the case. The majority against him was very large.

THE NEW SUPREME JUDGE.—On the 20th of September, at Sacramento, California, W. W. Cope was sworn in, by Judge Baldwin, as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, in the place of Judge Terry, resigned.

POMMEROY ABBEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM." "THE ROCK," &c., &c.

IV.

The month by the calendar was June; looking at the weather, it might have been pronounced November: rarely indeed has June turned out such a day as that. But, if the weather was bad, the inhabitants of the small village of Abbeyland were unusually active; windows and casements seemed alive with heads, and groups gathered under shelter in doorways, in "the shop" and in the blacksmith's forge, watching the road in a flutter of expectation, for the lord of Pommeroy was to pass with his bride.

Twice already had they been gratified; once when the string of carriages, containing the bride and her friends, had gone forth to the chapel in Pommeroy Abbey, and again at the conclusion of the ceremony, when they went back again, the bride then sitting by her lord in his new and handsome chariot, emblazoned with the old arms and quarterings of the Pommeroys, and drawn by four grays, splendidly caparisoned. A goodly sight, indeed; but what a day!

Fair and calm and lovely had the weather been, and when Abbeyland went to rest the previous evening it had appeared as settled as fair. In the morning when they rose, the sky was of a dark lead color, gloomy and threatening clouds overspread the earth like a pall, and a sighing wind swept along in mournful wails, now dropping to a low dirge, now meeting, as it seemed, from all quarters, and battling in fury. No rain fell as yet, no lightning came to terrify the timid, no thunder to appal them; but if ever the elements were gathering for sure warfare, they were that morning. And in this threatening weather the bride and her train went forth.

A bride bright and beautiful was she; and so she looked as she stood before the priest in her chaplet of white roses and orange-blossoms, and veil thrown back from her face, her eyes sparkling and her cheeks flushed to brilliancy. All signs of happiness, quoth the crowd around, arrayed in their feathers and their laces; they little suspected that it was but the flush of excitement, of misery if you will: or that she hated the lord of Pommeroy, while she passionately loved another.

The weather changed for the worse while they were in the chapel; it increased to a deeper darkness, a darkness rarely experienced. The old Gothic chapel, with its narrow casements, in keeping with the Gothic abbey, became so obscure that one countenance could not be distinguished from another, and when the bride was required to write her name in the book, she objected, saying that she could not see. One of the tapers used in the ceremony was brought near, and by its light she wrote what was required of her. In this gloom, but still in no rain, the procession took its way back to the White House, the residence of Mrs. Wylde, where the bridal entertainment was held.

Evening had come, and the jarring storm; wind, rain, lightning, thunder; and in the midst of it the lord of Pommeroy brought forth his bride to conduct her to her new abode. The Pommeroys condescended not to the wedding tour, a fashion introduced of late years; the former lords had conducted their brides straight from their maiden to their wedded home, and the modern lords disdained to abjure the custom.

"Why do they tarry?" uttered one good wife to a knot of neighbors, who had gathered inside the dwelling of the former. "Half-past seven o' the clock, and they were to have come forth on the stroke of the hour."

"Why, they tarry for the weather, to be sure."

"Nay, then they may put off their bridal garments, and Madam Wylde may just have 'em for the night, instead of the abbey.—There's no chance of this storm slackening; the lightning may, but the rain and the wind won't; and that the lord of Pommeroy may see for himself."

"At three o'clock the banquet was; they have had time to eat it, and another to it; why don't they come?"

"Don't be impatient, you women," exclaimed a man who had drawn to the open door. "They'll come, all in time: trust the lord of Pommeroy for that."

"Aunt," screamed out a girl of nineteen, "I wouldn't be married on such a day as this, if I had to stop single all my life. It bodes ill luck."

"Hush-sh-sh!" came the prolonged caution from several lips. It was a bold tongue in Abbeyland that dared hint at ill luck for a Pommeroy.

"There's nobody here but ourselves," returned the girl, in a subdued tone. "And I didn't send the storm. It's come, and there can't be harm in saying that it is."

"The same thing have been in my mind all day," whispered a woman. "When I got up this morning, and thinks where's the sun, and looks out and see the dead ghostly look of things—yes, you may stare, but they had a blue ghostly look, like they had that day when the heavens were darkened for the—what was it called?—the 'olipse of the sun, and the cocks set on to crow at mid-day—it looked like that, this morning, only ghastlier, and so it has looked all day since—says I to myself—if ever there's ill luck meant to be foreshadowed, it's foreshadowed this day for the lord and the new lady of Pommeroy."

"And, I just ask ye," returned the girl, "did ye ever see such lightning or hear such thunder? Aunt knows it, though she snubs me. Hark to that peal!"

"It's strange the lord didn't have his brother, Mr. Rupert, to the wedding; but perhaps," added the speaker, more slowly, "Mr. Rupert don't care for weddings."

"He'd care for the feasting that is to come after it, though," cried another woman; "there's to be open house at the abbey for nine days to come, and the lord and the lady are to top the feasting tables."

"I wish Mr. Rupert had been the heir," exclaimed the girl, enthusiastically; "he's a rare brave man to speak to, with a merry eye: but the lord's as cold as a stone."

An unlucky remark; the girl got nearly buffeted. The gay Rupert was not held in the favor that the lord was, for his faults were certainly not those of being cold or stony; and so the village had found; and though it did not praise him, it would not blame. Harsh tongues were let loose upon the girl.

"Thee'dst better not get within ken o' Mr. Rupert's merry eye, I can tell thee that, girl, or maybe thee'dst find thy own the sadder for it."

The girl looked as though she would like to rebel.

"I don't care," cried she; "you are all ready to lie down and let the lord step over you as he walks, but he's not half the pleasant lord that his father was, nor that Mr. Rupert would have made; I said no more than that, and where's the ill of it? T'other day he was riding out of the bean-field, none of the grooms after him, and I pulled the gate back for him and held it wide. He rode through, as stiff as a log of wood, never so much as saying thank ye, or turning his eye to see who it was holding it."

"He is the lord of Pommeroy, and we are his vassals," cried the aunt. "They say Miss Pommeroy leaves the abbey when the nine day's feasting's over; she has got her fortune, and can have her home where she likes. Holy Virgin! did you see that flash?"

"Here's something else to see," cried the man, putting his head round the door-post again; "they be coming at last."

In spite of the wind and the pelting rain, in spite of the forked dangerous lightning, and the resounding thunder, out pressed the women—out they pressed from all parts and from all quarters, until the road seemed lined, as by magic—to see those whom they had seen hundreds of times before.

But not in their bridal attire, and that they wore now. It had not been put off. The wreath of roses and orange-blossoms was yet on the bride's head, and the flowing veil still fell behind her, but her cheeks' crimson had gone. The lord of Pommeroy sat by her in his towering height, she looked as a little girl beside him, and his ever-pale complexion was not a whit less ghastly than usual, and his hare-lip was only too conspicuous. But for that lip and the unnaturally white skin, he would have been a handsome man; handsome, in a degree, he was, now, for his features were otherwise well formed, and his height and figure were of noble presence.

"She's pale now," cried one of the women; "she don't like the storm."

"*I* shouldn't," put in the girl. "Is Jeffs a making his horses go slow o' purpose for us?"

"Psha, child!" rebuked a man, "don't you see that he's a keeping his reins tight over 'em, a pulling 'em in? If he let 'em get their heads, they'd be off. Look at their nostrils a panting! Them dumb creatures be more frighted at a storm like this than are human people."

Jeffs, the coachman, sat on his box, seeming, indeed, to have as much as he could manage in the four gray horses. The lords of Pommeroy always drove four-in-hand; they held postilions in supreme contempt; Jeffs did the same. The carriage had been waiting at seven, and the lord and his bride did not come forth till half-past. In that space of time they had become thoroughly frightened, and almost unmanageable; and Jeffs, keeping his own place on the hammercloth, was reduced to the humiliation (very great to him) of ordering the two footmen to hold the heads of the leaders. And, from the moment they started, now five minutes since, Jeffs had had his hands full.

"Pray the patron saint of the Pommeroys to keep back that lightning, or I shan't master 'em!" ejaculated he to himself. "I never knew 'em like this afore; their coats be a running down wet with the terror."

The patron saint was deaf to poor Jeffs. For, in the very next moment, a flash came, worse than any preceding it, followed by an awful crash of thunder; and the horses reared, plunged, and started away like mad.

"Holy Mary help us!" uttered Jeffs; "a pretty wedding-day this is!"

The young bride uttered a faint scream, started partially up, and seized the handle of the carriage door to open it. The lord threw his arm round her waist, and drew her down again.

"Alice, what are you thinking of? It would be certain death."

She turned her eyes and terror-stricken face upon him.

"Better walk home to the abbey through the storm and the rain, than be at the mercy of these wild horses."

"They are frightened, like you, my dearest. Jeffs can manage them. See, they are slackening their speed."

"We had better walk—if we could but get out! Let us walk!"

He shook his head: to attempt getting out would, as he had said, be tempting death.

"Guy, what a day!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears of present terror, while a vague, undefined feeling of dread was cast to the future. "I wish we had put it off until to-morrow."

Guy Pommeroy did not answer. He hastily turned her face towards him, so that she could not see out, and held her there, as if caressingly: caressingly, in good truth, for he idolized her; but, to caress, was not his chief motive just then. The horses were plunging again; now galloping, now rearing, and stamping in fury, and now galloping again, on they went. The lord sat, upright and calm, and she clung to him: the footmen, behind, got carefully down, and, holding on, managed to reach the earth; one fell, and the other staggered on losing hold, but they were in safety, and they ran after the carriage: the spectators who had been watching it pass, also ran, many of them: Jeffs had lost all command, and the horses were as furies.

The lord of Pommeroy put his head out at the front window, and called,

"Jeffs, take care: tighten the left rein, or they'll pass the turning." And down he sat again, and shielded his bride's face as before. "Courage, my love," he whispered: "another minute, and we shall be in the sheltered drive, close to the abbey."

Jeffs was skillful and experienced, and Jeffs "took care," as his lord enjoined, but skill and care are sometimes powerless to arrest the career of animals, frightened to madness. The rein was tightened in vain; the horses would not turn on their proper path, but dashed blindly forward: and those following behind uttered a shrill shout of despair as the horses passed it: they were plunging on to a dangerous road—a road which on one side had no protection. The lord saw his danger; but he thought far less of it than of keeping its sight from *her*. She struggled her face free, in spite of him, and looked up.

"We are on the precipice!" she shrieked. "Oh, Guy, we are on the precipice!"

"Hush, hush, hush!" he uttered, with strained lips: "if Jeffs can keep them on the road, we are safe; they will stop at the hill. Don't scream so, Alice, it may increase their terror."

Her voice died away, and she remained quiet as a lamb, hiding her face upon his breast, and clasping him with a tight, nervous clasp: in that strong form, although she did not love it, there seemed to be protection: but she shook so, that she caused him to shake, betraying how excessive was her alarm. The storm raged in its fury, and the horses raged in theirs; now kicking, now foaming, now bolt upright. Jeffs was flung from the box, and, the next moment, horses, carriage, and inmates had rolled down the precipice, on to the grass.

The fall had not been great, not more than twelve or fifteen feet: had the horses gone further, it would have been much greater, for the hill gradually ascended to a height, where it overlooked the sea. The shouting runners, their shouts died away into horror-striken silence, came up: they passed the dead body of Jeffs—dead it looked—and gazed over the side. Carriage and horses lay in a heap, an appalling mass, the latter plunging, and one shrieking. Did you ever hear the shriek of a wounded and frightened horse, reader? It is not pleasant to listen to.

Down jumped the men by the steps, a few yards further on. Gaunt, the gamekeeper, had now joined them, and he took out his knife and cut the traces. Two of the horses would never rise again; the other two dashed away in their freedom: and then the spectators climbed up and looked in at the carriage window, the carriage lying on its side.

"Get me out," said the lord of Pommeroy.

He was not dead, at any rate: he was bruised and shaken, and there was an ugly cut on his forehead: but his poor young bride, *apparently* less hurt than he, lay senseless.

"She has fainted from terror," said the lord.

They got her out of the carriage, and he gently picked her up in his arms, her light weight being but as a feather in his great strength. So would he have borne her to the abbey.

"The lord had better not," interposed Gaunt, sensibly. "Should any bones be broken, it might do worse injury. Let a mattress be brought."

Guy Pommeroy sat down on the grass, and held her upon him until it came. One had fetched water and sprinkled it over her face, another had drawn off her gloves to chafe her hands. Guy took the left one in his.

"You don't rub hard enough, sir," said Gaunt, "to do good. I have seen plenty of women in a faint, and they feel nothing, unless it is done hard."

"I shall hurt her hand, with these rings on it."

"Take them off, sir."

It was not bad advice: she was wearing three or four, and the lord took them off, and dropped them into his waistcoat pocket.

But the rubbing and the water did not restore her to consciousness. The mattress was brought and she was borne to the abbey, and still she did not revive. The surgeon of the place entered it as they did, and he and Guy remained alone with her. She was placed upon a table, and the surgeon bent over her, touching her in various parts, touching her head and face, and bending down his ear to her mouth and heart.

"She is not dead, is she?" gasped Guy, striving to still his pulses to calmness while he asked it.

"No, she is not dead," was the reply. "But I fear concussion of the brain."

And, throughout the whole of the evening and night, she never revived to consciousness. The doctor and the attendants remained round her bed, and Guy paced the rooms of the abbey, one room after another, now stealing into the chamber and gazing on her, and now departing on his restless walk again.

And that was the ending of the lord of Pommeroy's wedding-day.

V.

A concussion of the brain it had proved to be, but not a dangerous one; and, sooner than might have been expected, Mrs. Pommeroy grew better, was herself again, and progressing towards recovery. Careful nurses were Mrs. Wylde and Miss Pommeroy: Guy had been excluded from the room. Guy rebelled: he thought he could make as good a nurse as the best of them: but he was assured that her life depended upon her perfect tranquillity; and for such a state Guy would have kept out of her sight for a twelvemonth. Neither would they allow her to speak, until she grew so much better that she would be quiet no longer.

"How long have I lain here?" was her first question to Mrs. Wylde.

"Eight days, my dear."

"Is it a strange room: is it the abbey?"

"Of course it is. It is your own room in it."

"I was married, was I not?" continued Mrs. Pommeroy.

"Why, don't you remember it?" returned her mother.

"Yes, I remember it. I lay and thought things over yesterday, when you would not let me speak: and I remember the awful day—and oh, mother!" shuddering, "I remember the ride home: I remember the furious horses, and Guy holding me. Did we fall over the precipice?"

"The accident was a sad one," returned Mrs. Wylde, "but do not recur to it now, Alice; no lives were lost. Jeffs was thought to be badly hurt, but he is better."

Mrs. Pommeroy raised herself in bed, sitting up and looking eagerly at her mother.

"Did it kill Guy?" she asked in a whisper.

"Good gracious, no, child! don't frighten yourself with these imaginative fancies. Lie down. The lord of Pommeroy was not hurt—to speak of. Your beautiful white dress is the worst off: that is done for."

"How so?"

"After the carriage was overturned, your husband held you till they could get something to carry you on to the abbey, but the skirts of your dress lay in the wet and muddy grass: I'll leave you to judge the state it was in. And the wreath was crushed, and the veil torn to pieces. Now don't talk any more."

There was a few minutes' pause, and then the invalid began again.

"If I am married, where's my wedding-ring?"

"The lord of Pommeroy has it: he took it off when they chafed your hands."

"Is Guy—"

"I will not have you talk any more," peremptorily interrupted Mrs. Wylde. "This is the first day you have been allowed to speak: wait an hour, and then you may talk again."

"If I did not feel equal to it, I should not talk, mamma. My head feels a little light, that is all."

Mrs. Wylde quitted the room, and Mrs. Pommeroy lay, and, as she expressed it, *thought*. By-and-by Miss Pommeroy entered.

"Joan, come here," she said; "sit down on the bed close to me. What a shocking accident this has been!"

"It has," replied Miss Pommeroy, "a most untoward accident. But you are getting better, and Jeffs is getting better, therefore—"

"Joan, I want to ask you—and now you answer me the truth, what you think, and whether I am not right. It was an awful day: such a one, I should think, that has never been known here; and it was an awful accident: and the days previous to it were calm and beautiful, and I dare say the days subsequent have been so. Have they?"

"Yes," replied Miss Pommeroy, unsuspicious of her young sister-in-laws's drift.—"The day following the accident rose bright and lovely as the days previous had been, bearing no trace whatever, save in the wet ground and the damaged crops, of the angry day that had intervened."

"Well, now, Joan, should you not say that it was an omen of evil to me and Guy?"

Miss Pommeroy would not answer: she could not refute the notion, for she disdained equivocation. Given to superstition, as were all the Pommeroys—the very abbey itself, with its tales and its gloom, was enough to imbue them with it—she had been one of the most forward to deduce ill omens to her brother and his wife from the strange day and the accident it had led to, but she had kept the feeling within her own breast. Others were not so silent; and the lord of Pommeroy had been nearly driven savage by the evil prognostications whispered around him.

"You don't speak, Joan: you will not speak: and I know what that means. I am certain it bodes very evil luck, and you know that it does."

At this juncture Mrs. Wylde entered.

"The hour is up, Alice— Oh, you are there, Miss Pommeroy. You have not let her talk, have you?"

"I have just entered," was the reply of Miss Pommeroy. "It would be better, far, for Alice never to talk again, than to indulge the gloomy fancies of superstition which appear to be running in her head," she added.

"Superstition!" echoed Mrs. Wylde, "I thought that went out with our ancestors. She gets low-spirited from lying here, but she will soon be up now. Alice, the lord of Pommeroy is coming in to pay you a visit."

Alice rose up in bed, startled; and looked hard at her mother.

"The lord of Pommeroy! Here!"

"Yes. He is waiting now."

Young Mrs. Pommeroy turned crimson to the roots of her hair.

"I cannot see him here; in bed! He must wait until I am up and in my dressing-room; that will be in a day or two."

"Nonsense," returned Mrs. Wylde. "He is your husband, remember; you are Mrs. Pommeroy. We will dress you up in a shawl and a pretty cap, to look smart for the visit. Don't be fastidious."

"I won't see him, then," said Mrs. Pommeroy.

"How very ridiculous! he will not eat you. Why, he wanted to make one of your nurses, Alice; only we thought, perhaps, he might prove more awkward at it than we were."

Mrs. Pommeroy looked red and very indignant.

"I am astonished at you, mamma!"

"I am astonished at you," returned Mrs. Wylde. "Had this accident happened before you were married, there would have been no impropriety, then, in his seeing you: and so every one would say who has any pretensions to a grain of common sense; but under existing circumstances he has a *right* to see you, and he will exercise it. I can tell you, Alice, he is not pleased at having been kept out of your room, like a stranger."

Alice looked round at Joan Pommeroy; she was standing with compressed lips and severe expression; displeased, at least Alice so interpreted it, to hear this objection to a simple and, what might be called, a ceremonious visit, of her brother. Guy determined, her mother determined, and Joan angry, Alice began to think she might as well give in, before she was forced to it.

The lord of Pommeroy entered, and Mrs. Wylde closed the door upon him. Alice lay, well covered up, her pretty face made "smart" in its pretty cap, nearly buried in the pillow. Guy bent down to kiss her—which was very natural.

"Oh don't, please," cried Alice, pushing him back, and turning her face away; "my head is not strong yet, and must not be touched." But the lord of Pommeroy was her husband now, and chose to judge for himself; and he turned her face back again and took the kiss. Then he brought forward a chair and sat down, and spoke out his love, and his gratitude for her, so far, recovery.

Alice interrupted him before he had half finished.

"Guy."

"What, my dearest?"

"I want you to listen to me; I am going to say something that I have been thinking of yesterday and to-day. I never was superstitious, Guy, but it is impossible to look upon what has happened without some such a feeling intruding."

"The accident will have no lasting consequences," interrupted Guy Pommeroy, doomed, as it appeared, to hear reiterated by his bride the same song he had been obliged to hear from others.

"The accident was awful," she rejoined, with a shudder. "Oh, Guy! I never shall overget the terror I felt at the snorting and flying horses. How could you maintain your presence of mind?"

"I had you with me."

"But I look not so much at the accident, as at the strange wild day," she resumed; "the weather has never been like that. We have had summer storms, terrific storms, fatal to property and to life, but they have come on naturally, Guy, and have cleared again after they have spent themselves. But that strange day was unnatural."

"It was uncommon," said the lord of Pommeroy.

"Guy, it was unnatural. It seemed to be sent as a warning to us; not to enter into our union; the very heavens lowered upon it."

"Alice!" returned the lord, in a tone of rebuke; "who has been putting these notions in your head?"

"Not any one," she answered. "Mamma and Joan have kept me in silence, not allowing me to speak, or speaking to me. I told Joan, just now, that it was a bad omen for you and for me, but she would not answer me. You are a man, and therefore will pretend to despise these fears, but that strange day was sent to portend ill to us, if ever ill was portended yet."

"Then, my dear, we will ward off the ill together. I will ward all ill from you."

"We can ward it off in one way," said Alice; "it is the only way left to us."

"Well?" returned Guy, smiling.

"By never being more to each other than we are now," she whispered; "by getting the marriage annulled."

"What!" uttered the lord of Pommeroy, a frown of mingled anger and astonishment displacing the smile upon his face.

"It could be done, Guy. And then we may laugh at the past storm, and have no fears."

"Your head must be light from fever, Alice!"

She put out her left hand and clasped his arm.

"Do not let us tempt Fate, Guy. That day was as surely a threatening omen of ill upon our union—as sure—as sure as anything can be in this world. And what else was the accident to me but an awful, interposed veto, against my entering the abbey as its mistress?"

Guy had taken her hand to hold between his, and was playing with her fingers.

"It should have come sooner, then, if it had that intention," said he, gaily. "Do you see this?"

He held up her hand, so that she might see it; he had slipped on her wedding-ring. Alice strove to draw her hand away, but he retained it as before.

"Had Fate—as you call it—wished to interpose her veto upon your entering the abbey, she should have been rather more prompt, and not have waited until you were my wife."

"To treat it in that mocking way, Guy, is wicked."

"Nay, my dear, I say nothing but the truth. If Fate, human or hobgoblin, owed us a grudge and set herself to scowl upon our marriage, she should not have been quite so dilatory. The accident should have come before you quitted your mother's house and your mother's name."

"It is not too late, Guy; it may be managed. When I am well enough to be moved, I can go back home with my mother; and the ceremony, as I say, can be annulled."

"Alice, you talk like a child. After having married me, come home to me, stopped with me, you think you could go back from it all, and become Alice Wylde again! What would the world say of you! Nothing laudable, I ween."

"You are cruel," was her haughty response. "I thought the lord of Pommeroy deemed himself a gentleman."

"I hope he is one. But he is your husband."

"My days will be a long dread of dreamy fear," she continued, in agitation. "Let the world say what it will, I shall leave the abbey as I came into it. The marriage can be easily broken, for the Pommeroy influence is great at Rome: and you know, Guy, my heart never was in it. You shall wed a better wife, and I will be Alice Wylde again."

One of the awful Pommeroy scowls came over the lord's face.

"That you may seek, and wed, the renegade Rupert—who won your heart with his false vows, and carried its tales of credulity to amuse his real idol! who—who—"

Guy paused: his fury had overmastered him, but his senses were returning: in a calmer moment he would have plucked out his tongue by the roots, rather than have so taunted her, now she was his wife. Of late, the name of Rupert had been shunned between them, equally so by the one as by the other.

"You are generous!" returned Mrs. Pommeroy, speaking with scorn to keep down the tears. "Were I as free as air, and Rupert Pommeroy came to me in his soul's repentance, I would trample him under foot, rather than listen to it. Had I a hope now to give to Rupert, I should never have consented to marry you."

The lord of Pommeroy rose; his passion had faded down.

"I beg your pardon," he softly whispered: "in this interview we have both something to forgive the other. You should not so have spoken, Alice: my wife you have sworn to be, and my wife you are."

She burst into tears.

"This tumult will make me worse again, Guy."

"I should grieve for that. I am going, and I will send your mother to you. But when I come in again, my dearest, meet me as a friend; not as a foe."

He bent down and kissed her face, as he had done at entering, and quitted the room. Mrs. Wylde came into it, but Alice motioned her away, and said she was going to sleep: so she was left alone.

Droll sleep it was: a prolonged fit of sobs and tears. But Guy had left upon her hand the wedding-ring: a sure earnest that she could not go from him.

Mrs. Wylde caught just the two first syllables of the word, separation, and was for applying a couple of blisters behind her daughter's ears, really believing her brain to be affected, and when she found such was not the case, she told her she deserved a good shaking for even imagining so great a scandal. Let her say it again, and she and Miss Pommeroy would quit the abbey, leaving nobody to nurse her till she got well, but Guy. It seemed that Alice had no choice: but she contrived to spin out the getting well twice as long as she need have done.

When she was fully restored and had assumed her proper station as lady of Pommeroy Abbey, then Guy filled it with the guests that ought to have arrived the day following their marriage. His wife was forgetting her fears of evil, and if she was not precisely in the seventh heaven of happiness as the wife of Guy, she certainly was not miserable. She loved gaiety, and the deference paid to her, both as a bride and as the lady of Pommeroy, turned her head with pleasure. The women envied, the men admired, Guy loved; and Alice Pommeroy's life was a honeyed dream of indulged vanity.

"Which is best, lady of Pommeroy," Guy said to her one day, laughingly, "to reign here, the abbey's mistress and my idolized wife, or to have gone back home again to be Alice Wylde?"

"I was ill and weak, dear," she replied, "and the storm had so frightened me. I am glad to be here."

"You shall always be glad, my dearest, if it depend on me," whispered Guy.

And Alice turned to him with a loving look, and a loving word: she had determined to overcome her dislike to her husband, and she was partially succeeding.

One day her thoughts ran on her wedding-dress, and she inquired where it was. It was hanging up inside the closet, in the room at the end of the wing. Alice went to the room indicated, and two of her young guests, an earl's daughters, accompanied her. They threw open the closet door. A once beautiful dress, of rich white silk, with costly white lace flounces, but now shrunken and muddy and yellow with the wet and dirt, was hanging there. The three stood contemplating it with wry faces.

"But the flounces do not seem torn, at least on this side," said Lady Lucy. "They might be washed and renovated."

She turned the skirt rapidly round, as she spoke, and bent forward to look behind it. Something startled her, for she gave vent to a shrill scream.

"It is covered with blood," she exclaimed, turning her face to her sister and Mrs. Pommeroy.

"In blood!"

"A long stream all down it, from the top to the flounces."

They pressed forward and found it was as Lady Lucy said, and they shut the closet door in haste again, and moved away.

"I should put the dress in the fire and burn it," cried Lady Lucy. "I should think it ominous to see that on my wedding dress."

As they returned they met the lord of Pommeroy. His wife stopped him.

"Guy, how did that—that frightful stain, come on my bridal dress? I was not wounded."

"I was," replied Guy Pommeroy. He drew aside the hair from his temple, and exhibited a mark that he would retain for life. That is where it came from, Alice: it bled freely."

"Oh yes, to be sure," she exclaimed to the young ladies, as they continued on their way, and Guy continued his. "It was a bad cut, and I heard that his own clothes were stained with it. How foolish I was, not to remember!"

VI.

Autumn came and passed, winter and spring, and June came round again. Mrs. Pommeroy was in delicate health, but Guy was in a wondrous flow of spirits, for he would soon be expecting an heir to Pommeroy. For the present, Mrs. Pommeroy had given up visiting or receiving guests, but the lord occasionally dined from home.

One evening that she was sitting alone, in the oak room, her thoughts wandered to the extent of the abbey, what a large place it must have been in days gone by. It formed a quadrangle, and the window she was now at looked into the court-yard, whence all the sides were visible. The front pile and the right side were the only inhabited parts. Mrs. Pommeroy remembered a boast she had once made—that should she ever be the abbey's lady, she would cause it to be renovated, so that the county should not know it again.—Opposite to her was the west wing, and those rooms she had never seen. A sudden inclination came to her that she would look over them now, and she gave her orders. Jerome, the old attendant of the late lord, appeared with a large bunch of keys, some were labelled, some were not, and they proceeded through the lower corridor of the inhabited north wing, to what was called the north tower. Jerome fumbled over his keys, and, unlocking the door, they ascended the narrow staircase of the tower, Mrs. Pommeroy folding her skirts closely round her. There were several rooms in the west wing, all opening in a line, one into the other, but this wing was narrow, only the breadth of each room. They bore some scant remains of furniture, though the hangings were dropping to pieces. When they came to the last room—Jerome called it so—Mrs. Pommeroy detected a small door at its end covered with tapestry.

"Jerome," she exclaimed, "this must lead into the west tower."

The old man had turned to one of the windows, and was looking steadfastly down into the court. Mrs. Pommeroy repeated her remark.

"This door, Jerome. Open it."

"That room is never entered," he replied.

"Never entered!" returned Mrs. Pommeroy. "Why not? I shall enter it."

"I have not got the key," returned Jerome.

"Where is it, then?"

Jerome hesitated.

"Maybe—maybe the lord keeps it. That's the haunted room, madam."

Mrs. Pommeroy had heard of the haunted room, both before she entered the abbey and since. Not being a believer in immaterial bodies, she became possessed with a strong desire to explore it.

"Has the lady never heard that apparitions have been seen there?" returned Jerome in a tone of awe.

"Apparitions don't come in the daylight, before the sun has set," promptly replied the lady of Pommeroy. "You go back, Jerome, and hunt among all the heap of keys in that closet of yours, and find the right one."

Jerome had no power to say he would not go. He turned unwillingly, and attempted to take the bunch of keys which hung to the lock, the lock of the room they were in. No: try as he would, he could not take them out of it.

"You do not want those keys to find the other," said Mrs. Pommeroy. "Leave them where they are."

"I think this key will only come out when the door's closed and locked," muttered Jerome, but trying still.

He went away at length, leaving them where they were.

Mrs. Pommeroy, as much to pass the time as anything, touched the keys, and out they came.

"What a curious thing that Jerome could not do it!" thought she. "They seem to fall out, into my hand."

She held them, and read their labels, which indicated the particular room each belonged to. On one, however, was simply written—"The Key."

"The key?" debated Mrs. Pommeroy, "that must be the key of the haunted room, I should think. I'll try it."

She drew aside the hangings, inserted it in the lock, and, with a harsh, grating sound, the door flew open, the wind and the dust blowing unpleasantly in the face of Mrs. Pommeroy.

She shrank back. Her courage failed. By daylight or by dark, it is not pleasant to enter alone a "haunted" room. Mrs. Pommeroy went back to the casement and stood looking into the court. There she saw one of the servant women, and, obeying an impulse, she pulled open, with some trouble, the casement, trellised with its small panes, and signed to her to come up. Bridget was a native of Abbeyland, was born on the estate, and knew all the traditions relating to the Pommeroys. She looked thunderstruck at seeing her lady there, but obeyed the signal; came through the north corridor, ascended the stairs of the tower, passed through the rooms, and joined her.

"Hold these hangings back for me," said Mrs. Pommeroy. "They are nothing but a cloud of dust."

The woman obeyed, but with a wondering gesture.

"Does the lady of Pommeroy know what this room is?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Pommeroy, passing in. "Come with me, Bridget."

It was a small, circular room, panelled with dark mahogany. A narrow casement looked towards the court-yard, but, like the other rooms, none to the opposite side, to the open country. The room was completely furnished with velvet that had once been red but was now dark with age; chairs, a broad couch, or settle, and a centre-table, all were covered and hung with the velvet, which appeared to be dropping away. Mrs. Pommeroy saw no signs of haunting apparitions: all that struck her, was the smallness of the room. She remarked upon it.

"The tower walls are thick, madam."

"Very thick indeed they must be," observed Mrs. Pommeroy, "looking at the size of the tower, outside, and the size of this room, in. But the walls are not thick, Bridget: look at the window. What is that?" she added, as her eye became accustomed to the dark walls. "Why, that is a cloth, a velvet cloth, drawn over one of the panels."

"The picture is underneath," whispered the woman. "I am niece to the old housekeeper, who died in the late lord's time, madam, and I have all the secrets of the abbey at my fingers' ends," she explained.

"But what picture is underneath?" demanded Mrs. Pommeroy.

"The nun's," replied Bridget; "she who was said to haunt the room. Would the lady of Pommeroy like to look at it?"

Mrs. Pommeroy signified her assent, and the woman caught up the velvet and held it aside, disclosing a half-length figure, habited as a nun. The face was young, fair, and most lovely, but a strangely mournful and stern expression was in the dark blue eyes, which were fixed full on the spectator. The lips were slightly open, and one delicate hand was held up in a warning attitude.

"She is saying 'Beware,'" whispered Bridget, who appeared to be afraid of the picture hearing her.

Mrs. Pommeroy laughed.

"I don't hear her," she answered; "but fancy goes a great way. Beware of what?"

"It is what she is supposed to be saying, madam, according to the tradition. But why she is saying it, or who she is saying it to, has never been decided."

"What is her history?"

"She lived in the reign of one of the Georges," began Bridget. "She was brought up in a convent, and had taken the veil, though only seventeen, but in some way she fell in with him who was then lord of Pommeroy. It was said to be in the fire, for the convent was burnt down, and the nuns had to escape in the night. She forgot her vows, madam, and ran away with him, to be his wife. He married her in secret, and he brought her here, and their rooms were in this wing, this room being hers. The lord doted on her, it is said, and he had this picture taken of her in her convent dress, and hung up here; but, when it was too late, she found out he had played her false, for he had a wife already. She went crazed, poor thing, all in one night, and she threw herself out at this very window, and was taken up dead in the court below."

Mrs. Pommeroy looked at the window.

"She never could have got through that narrow half casement, Bridget. The other half does not open."

"It is certain that she did, madam; she was young and slight. For years afterwards, during that lord's lifetime, she was seen at this same window on a moonlight night—the moon shines full on these west tower windows—her light hair hanging over her neck and wringing her hands, as it is said she did, before she leaped out. But after the lord died, she never came again. You can't see the prediction, madam," added Bridget, pointing to the picture, "not to read it, I think. This room's dark in the after part of the day, because the sun goes behind the tower."

"The prediction?" repeated Mrs. Pommeroy.

"It is the strangest part of the history," continued Bridget. "On the morrow, when they had picked her up dead, the lord saw some lines written on the picture, close to the hand which she is holding up. It was never known who wrote them; some thought she did, but the lord knew that the characters were not hers, and they came to be regarded as having been done by supernatural agency. On a bright day they can be read without a light, but not when the room's in the shade. Some thought they applied to what that lord had done, but it is mostly held that they are to affect a later Pommeroy. It's to be hoped not, for they betoken woe to the house."

Mrs. Pommeroy had put her face and eyes close to the picture, endeavoring to decipher the lines; but she was unable, though she could discern that some were there. Bridget continued:

"The late lord—the one who had done the wrong was his grandfather—put little faith in all this, and I have heard him laugh over it. He did not keep the room or the wing shut up, and any of the family could come in who liked, and we had to dust and clean here once or twice a year. But the present lord had it shut up after he came into power; the Pommeroys are a proud race, the lord especially, and he deems the picture a memento of the blot on the scutcheon of his ancestors. So he keeps the curtain down over it—*that* the bad lord had put on—and the rooms locked."

"But—it is going a round-about way to work, to attain his end," cried Mrs. Pommeroy. "Why not destroy the picture, and have done with it, and have the rooms thrown open and embellished? I shall suggest it to the lord."

Bridget shook her head.

"Not a Pommeroy dare destroy that picture. It has been handed down from father to son, since the time of the sinning lord—that, whoever does so, must look out to be repaid; for that, in his time, the prediction will be fulfilled."

"I wish I could see the prediction," cried curious Mrs. Pommeroy, not feeling altogether pleased that Guy should have kept her in the dark, and the delightfully marvellous story from her. "Suppose you fetch a candle, Bridget."

"Will the lady like to remain alone?" hesitated the servant, halting at the threshold.

The lady of Pommeroy settled that, by motioning the woman to hold back the hangings, and stepping down into the next room. There she took up her station at the open window, and leaned from it, that the evening air might be company until Bridget's return.

As Bridget was going down the tower stairs she met Jerome.

"Where do you spring from?" he exclaimed, in astonishment.

"The lady of Pommeroy called me, and I have been into the haunted room with her. I am going to fetch a light now, that she may see the lines on the nun's picture."

Jerome's mouth dropped, and his hands were lifted.

"In there!" he muttered to himself, "and the lord said it was never to be opened to her—that she was too young to be frightened with such tales. She found the key, then, after all my excuses! What possessed the bunch, I wonder, that I could not get it away from the lock?"

"Why, Jerome," exclaimed the lady of Pommeroy, "the key was on the bunch!"

"As I find, madam. Pity I did not look more particularly."

Bridget came back with the light, and they all went into the room; Mrs. Pommeroy took it from her hand, and held it close to the lines on the picture. Bridget looked on composedly, and Jerome in abstraction.

When the heir of Pommeroy goes forth a wife to win,
And the heir of Pommeroy goes forth in vain;
When the lord of Pommeroy by a lie doth gain,
Then woe to the Pommeroys, twain and twain!

Barely had Mrs. Pommeroy read this, when a shriek from Bridget caused her to start back. She had inadvertently held the wax-light too closely, and had set fire to the picture.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.—Several times the result was critical, but confidence in the Duke of Wellington I have no doubt animated every breast. His Grace exposed his person, not unnecessarily, but nobly; without his personal exertions, his continual presence wherever and whenever more than usual exertions were required, the day had been lost. "Thrice have I saved this day by perseverance," said His Grace, before the last great struggle—and said so most justly. Another saying of His Grace that evening to Lord Fitzroy deserves to be recorded;—"I have never fought such a battle, and I trust I shall never fight such another." This was after the day was our own.—*Life of Sir Augustus Simon Fraser.*

☞ Can any man look around him and see what Christian countries are now doing, and how they are governed, and what is the general condition of society, without seeing that Christianity is the flag under which the world sails, and not the rudder that steers its course.—*Dr. Holmes.*

☞ The Arabs, while they were Pagans, believed that, on the death of any person, a bird came from his brain, and haunted his tomb, screaming dolefully. They called this bird, Manah. Job ch. xxi, v. 32, alludes to this.

DIMINUTION OF RAIN.

FROM THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

In the quarterly return of the Registrar-General ending with June, it is stated that "the deficiency in the fall of rain from the beginning of the year, is 1¼ inch. The deficiency in the year, 1854, 1855, 1856, 1857, 1858, amounted to the average fall of one year—viz., 25 inches. From a careful examination of the fall of rain (year by year) from the year 1815, it would seem that the annual fall is becoming smaller, and that there is but little probability that the large deficiency will be made up by excess in future years. Should this statement, made by Mr. Glaisher and adopted by the Registrar-General in a document issued by authority, be confirmed, it will constitute one of the most important discoveries ever made by meteorologists. Undoubtedly it needs to be verified by observation in many quarters; and, now that attention is directed to the subject, the registers of rain-fall, which have been kept in many places for a number of years, will, on being referred to, soon confirm or disprove it. We venture to say at once, however, that it appears highly probable—because consistent with many other phenomena—that the quantity of rain which falls on the earth is very slowly and gradually diminishing.

Last week Sir Morton Peto reminded the public that Pimlico was a few years ago a mere swamp, and persons still living, may remember Lambeth a marsh. An old friend of ours went snipe-shooting in his youth, amidst rushes and water, where Bedlam now stands. It has been lately stated more than once that the Thames now rolls a much smaller volume of water to the sea than formerly, though the fact was ascribed to the removal of old London-bridge, and the increase of people on its banks; but is now more probably explained by less rain falling on the surrounding country.

We will not refer to the filling up of the port of Rye and the increase of land in that neighborhood and other parts of England as evidence of the gradual increase of dry land and a decrease of the space filled by water on the surface of the globe, because there are places where the sea makes encroachment, and it would be difficult to ascertain without going into many particulars which increase preponderates. We must remark, however, that in all countries traces of dried-up streams are met with; but within the historical period there are few or no examples of new rivers coming into existence. It was mentioned incidentally the week before last in our Journal, that the Dnieper at Kiev was drying up. The redoubted plains of Troy can with difficulty be recognized or traced because the rivers mentioned by Homer, whose descriptive topography is not doubted, either cannot be found or they are now such insignificant streams as to fall far below the descriptions of the poet. Crossing over to the other side of the Mediterranean, it is known that about the mouths of the Nile the water is becoming shallower; while there is reason to believe, from the growth of sand in the neighborhood of the river, and other circumstances, that the volume of its waters has been within the period of history sensibly diminished. The Baltic is known by recorded observation to be decreasing. The Adriatic derives its name from a town that is now eighteen miles from the shore, and was once a flourishing seaport. North America is sensibly draining. The rivers are slowly, like the Niagara, wearing away the rock, and occupying a lower bed. America on the Pacific Ocean is notoriously rising, or the ocean which surrounds it is sinking. The Deluge is a very early event in the history of mankind; and it is consistent alike with sacred and profane history to suppose that ever since that period, as well as immediately after the first few days when the dove found a resting-place, the waters of the earth have gradually dried up.

A theory has lately been started that the globe is continually increasing in size. In the opinion of Captain Alfred Drayson the earth grows, and he assigns a number of good reasons for his opinions. Every day almost we read accounts of plants and animals found many fathoms deep which have at one time flourished on its surface. We see the surface continually strewed, autumn after autumn, with leaves, and branches, and trunks of trees, and numerous plants, which wither and continually form a new coat, though it be as thin as a coat of paint, on the surface. We read of fossil coal being found close at hand, and of modern formation, which, as coat above coat become deposited, will by-and-by become deep-seated coal. The bulk of the vegetable products that annually cover the earth and annually decay, adding, probably, to its size, are formed from the water which falls from the atmosphere. They derive their subsistence from it much more than from the earth. The same may be said of men and animals. The bulk of the human body consists of water; and of the whole, as of the bodies of animals, some elements always remain, increasing the solid matter of the globe. As the population of the earth increases, this conversion of fluid into solid matter increases. It is probable that as man is multiplied on the earth, gradually, and the animals he feeds on are multiplied with him, there takes place from this cause a diminution, however small, of the water of the atmosphere. As the space covered by water on the surface of the globe diminishes, evaporation will be *pro tanto* diminished. There will be less water taken up, and less will fall. With all these and a great many similar facts the diminution of rain, as asserted by Mr. Glaisher, is consistent. They run together, and one explains the other. We merely state a few facts, and enter not into any of the speculations they suggest.

We must however, remark, that on the uniformity and stability of the laws of nature instinctively assumed and believed rest all knowledge and all reasoning. If it be a fact, therefore, that the quantity of rain which falls has been continually diminishing through a period of forty-four years, the slow and gradual diminution of rain must be considered as a general fact—as the normal condition of the globe. If this be true, it is gradually, though extremely slowly, decreasing in fluid matter and increasing in solid matter. Most of the changes which geology traces in the crust of the globe have been in progress for many ages, and from the light which the gradual diminution of rain reflects on many geological phenomena, we were induced, at starting, to describe it as one of the most momentous discoveries, should it be confirmed, that observation has ever made.

A HARVEST SONG.

The toil of day is ended,
The night is at her noon;
And the harvest song swells blithely up
Beneath the harvest-moon:
Then tread a quicker measure,
And chant a louder strain;
With dance and song, the days prolong
That bring the golden grain.

From out the distant mountain
Comes the voice of the cascade,
And the nearer gleam of its silver stream
Makes glad the silent glade;
Through all the shadowy forest
Is heard the fall of leaves—
And the timid hare treads stealthily
Among the nodding sheaves.

And now, on every hillside,
The purple vintage glows;
As when a deeper radiance falls
From daylight at its close:
No time is it for sadness,
Despondency, or fear,
When autumn comes in gladness,
To crown the fruitful year.

Dear is the pleasant leaf-time,
When all is soft around;
When frost-imprisoned rivulets
Are melting into sound;
And dear, too, is the season
When spring and summer meet;
When the woods are faint with odors,
And the hills are dim with heat.

But spring is but for pasture,
And summer but for show,
While autumn, like a crowned king,
Has riches to bestow;
So he shall be the monarch
Of all the shining year,
And a crown he shall wear, and a sceptre bear,
Of fruits, and the golden ear. W. S.

THE ENGLISH BELLES.—I have seen but one pretty foot in England. I used to think the old nursery story about the "old woman who lived in a shoe," entirely fabulous; but since I have seen the pedestals of some of these lovely living female statues, I have formed a more favorable opinion of the veracity of "Mother Goose." But it is very evident that a large foot is not considered a detriment to female beauty in England; as the ladies make no effort to diminish the size of their feet by wearing pinching slippers. On the contrary, they wear clumsy gaiters, with heavy soles, which make their steps anything but fairy-like. And in this they show their good sense. One-half of the consumption cases among the American women are owing to wafer-soled shoes, which render walking both difficult and dangerous. And so they sit pining in satin chairs in their over-heated rooms, sucking cough-candy, and waiting for the doctor, and his shadow, the undertaker; while these buxom English beauties are tramping about in their water-proof boots, or darting through lanes and parks in their saddles. To appear delicate or lackadaisical is no part of an English woman's ambition. Health and vigor of body are considered of primary importance, not only for comfort's sake, but as the most essential qualifications for satisfactorily and successfully performing the duties of wives and mothers. And they dress, and eat, and exercise accordingly. On calling on Lady ——, the other morning, one of the most beautiful and accomplished ladies in London, I found her dressed in a plain, purple colored woollen robe, made of cheap and coarse material, and yet so tastefully fitting her fine figure, that I was struck with the elegance and the comfort of the *ensemble*. An ultra fashionable belle of the Fifth Avenue would hardly "come down" to her visitor in so simple a costume; or if she did, it would be with a confusion of apologetic words and blushes.—*Col. Fuller's Sparks from a Locomotive.*

PITY THE PRINTER!—"I pity the printer," said my uncle Toby. "He's a poor creature," rejoined Trim. "How so?" said my uncle. "Because, in the first place," continued the corporal, "because he must endeavor to please everybody. In the negligence of a moment, perhaps a small paragraph pops upon him; he hastily throws it to the compositor—it is inserted, and he is ruined to all intents and purposes." "Too much the case, Trim," said my uncle, with a deep sigh; "too—much—the—case." "An' please your honor," continued Trim, elevating his voice, and striking into an imposing attitude—"an' please your honor, this is not the whole." "Go on, Trim," said my uncle, feelingly. "The printer sometimes," pursued the corporal, "hits upon a piece that pleases him mightily, and he thinks it cannot but go down with his subscribers; but, alas! sir, who can calculate the human mind? He inserts it, and it is all over with him. They forgive others, but they cannot forgive a printer. He has a host to print for, and every one sets up for a critic. The pretty miss exclaims 'Why don't he give us more poetry, marriages and bon mots?—away with these stale pieces.' The politician claps his specs on his nose, and runs it over in search of a violent invective; he finds none; he takes his specs off, folds them, sticks them in his pocket, declaring the paper good for nothing but to burn. So it goes. Every one thinks it ought to be printed expressly for himself, as he is a subscriber; and yet, after all this complaining, would you believe it, sir," said the honest corporal, clasping his hands beseechingly—"would you believe it, sir, there are some subscribers who do not hesitate to cheat the printer out of his pay? Our army swore terribly in Flanders, but they never did anything as bad as that." "Never," said my uncle Toby, emphatically.—*Sterne's "Tristam Shandy."*

☞ HOW TO MAKE GLOVES LAST TWICE AS LONG.—Only wear one at a time.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE OLD CLOTHES OF THE PARISIANS.

Old ecclesiastical vestments are always welcome in Brazil, where priests are numerous, and richer articles of this description are disposed of in Peru and Chili. All their old headgear, and heaven knows what must be the quantity, is forwarded to St. Domingo; the blacks are exceedingly proud of a European hat, especially a white one. They wear them with an independence of taste which renders them exceedingly indulgent as to the form they may have acquired. Of French practices they have only retained that of wearing hats, and it is to be regretted that it never occurs to them to make them, as do their former masters, a medium for demonstrations of politeness. Perhaps they may acquire the custom one day. As for shoes and boots, they make the best of their way to California, they are transmitted by thousands of pairs to those auriferous regions where millionaires, it would seem, have not shoes to their feet, unlike this hemisphere, where those who go barefoot are usually anything but millionaires. *Apropos de bottes*, we were once told that the difference between the Emperor of Russia and the beggar was, that while the former *issues manifestos*, the latter *manifests toes* without *his shoes*. We recommend that this ingenious distinction be communicated to the Californians with the next cargo. Old shirts, it would seem, remain attached to the soil, and whenever a solution of continuity takes places in their component parts, after an acquaintance with the *crochet* and the *lotte*, they pass through the mill, to reappear—rejuvenated like the dry bones of Ezion from Medea's caldron—in the form of those elegant albums which decorate the boudoir-tables of our *belles*, or under the guise of a rose-colored and perfumed *poulet* presented to their dainty fingers on a silver salver. Fortunately its various transmigrations are not revealed to them! Ladies' cast-off garments have a brisk sale in Hindostan. The fashions, to be sure, are somewhat antiquated; "parmi les aveugles les borgnes sont rois," and a cut which appeared four years ago in Paris, is as elegant with those who see it for the first time as it was with the Parisians then. Consequently, the wives of a countless number of petty *employes* in Madras and Calcutta eagerly compete for the first choice of this quondam finery. After all, it is only an exchange; India sends to Paris its old cashmeres; Paris sends to India its old gowns. We are inclined to ask, "Why could not each rest content with its own?" Jamaica and the Philippines are insatiable in their demands for old French gloves—cleaned and scented, of course. Will it be believed that 6,000,000 pairs are annually shipped for these facile customers?—*Realities of Paris Life.*

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE THIRD. THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER VIII.

A HAND AT CARDS.

Happily unconscious of the new calamity at home, Miss Pross threaded her way along the narrow streets, and crossed the river by the bridge of the Pont-Neuf, reckoning in her mind the number of indispensable purchases she had to make. Mr. Cruncher, with the basket, walked at her side. They both looked to the right and to the left into most of the shops they passed, had a wary eye for all gregarious assemblages of people, and turned out of their road to avoid any very excited group of talkers. It was a raw evening, and the misty river, blurred to the eye with blazing lights, and to the ear with harsh noises, showed where the barges were stationed in which the smiths worked, making guns for the Army of the Republic. Woe to the man who played tricks with *that* Army, or got undeserved promotion in it! Better for him that his beard had never grown, for the National Razor shaved him close.

Having purchased a few small articles of grocery, and a measure of oil for the lamp, Miss Pross bethought herself of the wine they wanted. After peeping into several wine-shops, she stopped at the sign of The Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity, not far from the National Palace, once (and twice) the Tuileries, where the aspect of things rather took her fancy. It had a quieter look than any other place of the same description they had passed, and, though red with patriotic caps, was not so red as the rest. Sounding Mr. Cruncher and finding him of her opinion, Miss Pross resorted to the Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity, attended by her cavalier.

Slightly observant of the smoky lights; of the people, pipe in mouth, playing with limp cards and yellow dominoes; of the one bare-breasted, bare-armed, soot-begrimed workman reading a journal aloud, and of the others listening to him; of the weapons worn, or laid aside to be resumed; of the two or three customers fallen forward asleep, who in the popular, high-shouldered shaggy black spencer looked, in that attitude, like slumbering bears or dogs; the two outlandish customers approached the counter, and showed what they wanted.

As their wine was measuring out, a man parted from another man in a corner, and rose to depart. In going, he had to face Miss Pross. No sooner did he face her, than Miss Pross uttered a scream, and clapped her hands.

In a moment, the whole company were on their feet. That somebody was assassinated by somebody, vindicating a difference of opinion, was the likeliest occurrence. Everybody looked to see somebody fall, but only saw a man and woman standing staring at each other; the man with all the outward aspect of a Frenchman and a thorough Republican; the woman, evidently English.

What was said in this disappointing anti-climax, by the disciples of the Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity, except that it was something very voluble and loud, would have been as so much Hebrew or Chaldean to Miss Pross and her protector, though they had been all ears. But, they had no ears for anything in their surprise. For, it must be recorded, that not only was Miss Pross lost in amazement and agitation; but, Mr. Cruncher—though it seemed on his own separate and individual account—was in a state of the greatest wonder.

"What is the matter?" said the man who had caused Miss Pross to scream; speaking in a vexed, abrupt voice (though in a low tone), and in English.

"Oh, Solomon, dear Solomon!" cried Miss Pross, clapping her hands again. "After not setting eyes upon you or hearing of you for so long a time, do I find you here!"

"Don't call me Solomon. Do you want to be the death of me?" asked the man, in a furtive, frightened way.

"Brother, brother!" cried Miss Pross, bursting into tears. "Have I ever been so hard with you that you ask me such a cruel question?"

"Then hold your meddlesome tongue," said Solomon, "and come out if you want to speak to me. Pay for your wine, and come out. Who's this man?"

Miss Pross, shaking her loving and dejected head at her by no means affectionate brother, said, through her tears, "Mr. Cruncher."

"Let him come out, too," said Solomon. "Does he think me a ghost?"

Apparently, Mr. Cruncher did, to judge from his looks. He said not a word, however, and Miss Pross, exploring the depths of her reticule through her tears with great difficulty, paid for the wine. As she did so, Solomon turned to the followers of the Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity, and offered a few words of explanation in the French language, which caused them all to relapse into their former places and pursuits.

"Now," said Solomon, stopping at the dark street corner, "what do you want?"

"How dreadfully unkind in a brother nothing has ever turned my love away from!" cried Miss Pross, "to give me such a greeting, and show me no affection."

"There. Confound it! There," said Solomon, making a dab at Miss Pross's lips with his own. "Now are you content?"

Miss Pross only shook her head and wept in silence.

"If you expect me to be surprised," said her brother Solomon, "I am not surprised; I knew you were here; I know of most people who are here. If you really don't want to endanger my existence—which I half believe you do—go your ways as soon as possible, and let me go mine. I am busy. I am an official."

"My English brother Solomon," mourned Miss Pross, casting up her tear-fraught eyes, "that had the makings in him of one of the best and greatest of men in his native country, an official among foreigners, and such foreigners! I would almost sooner have seen the dear boy lying in his—"

"I said so!" cried her brother, interrupting. "I knew it! You want to be the death of me. I shall be rendered Suspected, by my own sister. Just as I am getting on!"

"The gracious and merciful Heavens forbid!" cried Miss Pross. "Far rather would I never see you again, dear Solomon, though I have ever loved you truly, and ever shall. Say but one affectionate word to me, and tell me there is nothing angry or estranged between us, and I will detain you no longer."

Good Miss Pross! As if the estrangement between them had come of any culpability of hers. As if Mr. Lorry had not known it for a fact, years ago, in the quiet corner in Soho, that this precious brother had spent her money and left her!

He was saying the affectionate word, however, with a far more grudging condescension and patronage than he could have shown if their relative merits and positions had been reversed (which is invariably the case, all the world over), when Mr. Cruncher, touching him on the shoulder, hoarsely and unexpectedly interposed with the following singular question:—

"I say! Might I ask the favor? As to whether your name is John Solomon, or Solomon John?"

The official turned towards him with sudden distrust. He had not previously uttered a word.

"Come!" said Mr. Cruncher. "Speak out, you know." (Which, by the way, was more than he could do himself.) "John Solomon, or Solomon John? She calls you Solomon, and she must know, being your sister. And *I* know you're John, you know. Which of the two goes first? And regarding the name of Pross, likewise. That warn't your name over the water."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I don't know all I mean, for I can't call to mind what your name was, over the water."

"No!" sneered Solomon.

"No. But I'll swear it was a name of two syllables."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. 'Tother one's was one syllable. I know you. You was a spy-witness at the Bailey. What in the name of the Father of Lies, own father to yourself, was you called at that time?"

"Barsad," said another voice, striking in.

"That's the name for a thousand pound!" cried Jerry.

The speaker who struck in, was Sydney Carton. He had his hands behind him under the skirts of his riding-coat, and he stood at Mr. Cruncher's elbow as negligently as he might have stood at the Old Bailey itself.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear Miss Pross. I arrived at Mr. Lorry's, to his surprise, yesterday evening; we agreed that I would not present myself elsewhere until all was well, or unless I could be useful; I present myself here, to beg a little talk with your brother. I wish you had a better employed brother than Mr. Barsad. I wish for your sake Mr. Barsad was not a Sheep of the Prisons."

Sheep was the cant word of the time for a spy, under the gaolers. The spy, who was pale, turned paler, and asked him how he dared—

"I'll tell you," said Sydney. "I lighted on you, Mr. Barsad, coming out of the prison of the Conciergerie while I was contemplating the

walls, an hour or more ago. You have a face to be remembered, and I remember faces well. Made curious by seeing you in that connexion, and having a reason, to which you are no stranger, for associating you with the misfortunes of a friend now very unfortunate, I walked in your direction. I walked into the wine-shop here, close after you, and sat near you. I had no difficulty in deducing from your unreserved conversation, and the rumor openly going about among your admirers, the nature of your calling. And gradually, what I had done at random, seemed to shape itself into a purpose, Mr. Barsad."

"What purpose?" the spy asked.

"It would be troublesome, and might be dangerous, to explain in the street. Could you favor me, in confidence, with some minutes of your company—at the office of Tellson's Bank, for instance?"

"Under a threat?"

"Oh! Did I say that?"

"Then why should I go there?"

"Really, Mr. Barsad, I can't say, if you can't."

"Do you mean that you won't say, sir?" the spy irresolutely asked.

"You apprehend me very clearly, Mr. Barsad. I won't."

Carton's negligent recklessness of manner came powerfully in aid of his quickness and skill, in such a business as he had in his secret mind, and with such a man as he had to do with. His practiced eye saw it, and made the most of it.

"Now, I told you so," said the spy, casting a reproachful look at his sister; "if any trouble comes of this, it's your doing."

"Come, come, Mr. Barsad!" exclaimed Sydney. "Don't be ungrateful. But for my great respect for your sister, I might not have led up so pleasantly to a little proposal that I wish to make for our mutual satisfaction. Do you go with me to the Bank?"

"I'll hear what you have got to say. Yes, I'll go with you."

"I propose that we first conduct your sister safely to the corner of her own street. Let me take your arm, Miss Pross. This is not a good city, at this time, for you to be out in, unprotected; and as your escort knows Mr. Barsad, I will invite him to Mr. Lorry's with us. Are we ready? Come then!"

Miss Pross recalled soon afterwards, and to the end of her life remembered, that as she pressed her hands on Sydney's arm and looked up in his face, imploring him to do no hurt to Solomon, there was a braced purpose in the arm and a kind of inspiration in the eyes, which not only contradicted his light manner, but changed and raised the man. She was too much occupied then, with fears for the brother who so little deserved her affection, and with Sydney's friendly reassurances, adequately to heed what she observed.

They left her at the corner of the street, and Carton led the way to Mr. Lorry's, which was within a few minutes' walk. John Barsad, or Solomon Pross, walked at his side.

Mr. Lorry had just finished his dinner, and was sitting before a cheery little log or two of fire—perhaps looking into their blaze for the picture of that younger elderly gentleman from Tellson's, who had looked into the red coals at the Royal George at Dover, now a good many years ago. He turned his head as they entered, and showed the surprise with which he saw a stranger.

"Miss Pross's brother, sir," said Sydney. "Mr. Barsad."

"Barsad?" repeated the old gentleman, "Barsad? I have an association with the name—and with the face."

"I told you you had a remarkable face, Mr. Barsad," observed Carton, coolly. "Pray sit down."

As he took a chair himself, he supplied the link that Mr. Lorry wanted, by saying to him with a frown,

"Witness at that trial."

Mr. Lorry immediately remembered, and regarded his new visitor with an undisguised look of abhorrence.

"Mr. Barsad has been recognized by Miss Pross as the affectionate brother you have heard of," said Sydney, "and has acknowledged the relationship. I pass to worse news. Darnay has been arrested again."

Struck with consternation, the old gentleman exclaimed,

"What do you tell me! I left him safe and free within these two hours, and am about to return to him!"

"Arrested for all that. When was it done, Mr. Barsad?"

"Just now, if at all."

"Mr. Barsad is the best authority possible, sir," said Sydney, "and I have it from Mr. Barsad's communication to a friend and brother Sheep over a bottle of wine, that the arrest has taken place. He left the messengers at the gate, and saw them admitted by the porter. There is no earthly doubt that he is retaken."

Mr. Lorry's business eye read in the speaker's face that it was loss of time to dwell upon the point. Confused, but sensible that something might depend on his presence of mind, he commanded himself, and was silently attentive.

"Now, I trust," said Sydney to him, "that the name and influence of Doctor Manette may stand him in as good stead to-morrow—you said he would be before the Tribunal again to-morrow, Mr. Barsad?—"

"Yes; I believe so."

"—in as good stead to-morrow as to-day. But it may not be so. I own to you, I am shaken, Mr. Lorry, by Doctor Manette's not having had the power to prevent this arrest."

"He may not have known of it beforehand," said Mr. Lorry.

"But that very circumstance would be alarming, when we remember how identified he is with his son-in-law."

"That's true," Mr. Lorry acknowledged, with his troubled hand at his chin, and his troubled eyes on Carton.

"In short," said Sydney, "this is a desperate time, when desperate games are played for desperate stakes. Let the Doctor play the winning game; I will play the losing one. No man's life here is worth purchase. Any one carried home by the people to-day, may be condemned to-morrow. Now, the stake I have resolved to play for, in case of the worst, is a friend in the Conciergerie. And the friend I purpose to myself to win, is Mr. Barsad."

"You need have good cards, sir," said the spy.

"I'll run them over. I'll see what I hold. Mr. Lorry, you know what a brute I am: I wish you'd give me a little brandy."

It was put before him, and he drank off a glassful—drank off another glassful—pushed the bottle thoughtfully away.

"Mr. Barsad," he went on, in the tone of one who really was looking over a hand at cards: "Sheep of the prisons, emissary of Republican committees, now turnkey, now prisoner, always spy and secret informer, so much the more valuable here for being English that an Englishman is less open to suspicion of subornation in those characters than a Frenchman, represents himself to his employers under a false name. That's a very good card. Mr. Barsad, now in the employ of the republican French government, was formerly in the employ of the aristocratic English government, the enemy of France and Freedom. That's an excellent card. Inference clear as day in this region of suspicion, that Mr. Barsad, still in the pay of the aristocratic English government, is the spy of Pitt, the treacherous foe of the Republic crouching in its bosom, the English traitor and agent of all mischief so much spoken of and so difficult to find. That's a card not to be beaten. Have you followed my hand, Mr. Barsad?"

"Not to understand your play," returned the spy, somewhat uneasily.

"I play my Ace, Denunciation of Mr. Barsad to the nearest Section Committee. Look over your hand, Mr. Barsad, and see what you have. Don't hurry."

He drew the bottle near, poured out another glassful of brandy, and drank it off. He saw that the spy was fearful of his drinking himself into a fit state for the immediate denunciation of him. Seeing it, he poured out and drank another glassful.

"Look over your hand carefully, Mr. Barsad. Take time."

It was a poorer hand than he suspected. Mr. Barsad saw losing cards in it that Sydney Carton knew nothing of. Thrown out of his honorable employment in England, through too much unsuccessful hard swearing there—not because he was not wanted there; our English reasons for vaunting our superiority to secrecy and spies are of very modern date—he knew that he had crossed the Channel, and accepted service in France: first, as a tempter and an eavesdropper among his own countrymen there; gradually, as a tempter and an eavesdropper among the natives. He knew that under the overthrown government he had been a spy upon Saint Antoine and Defarge's wine-shop; had received from the watchful police such heads of information concerning Doctor Manette's imprisonment, release, and history, as should serve him for an introduction to familiar conversation with the Defarges; had tried them on Madame Defarge, and had broken down with them signally. He always remembered with fear and trembling, that that terrible woman had knitted when he talked with her, and had looked ominously at him as her fingers moved. He had since seen her, in the Section of Saint Antoine, over and over again produce her knitted registers, and denounce people whose lives the guillotine then surely swallowed up. He knew, as every one employed as he was, did, that he was never safe; that flight was impossible; that he was tied fast under the shadow of the axe; and that in spite of his utmost tergiversation and treachery in furtherance of the reigning terror, a word might bring it down upon him. Once denounced, and on such grave grounds as had just now been suggested to his mind, he foresaw that the dreadful woman of whose unrelenting character he had seen many proofs, would produce against him that fatal register, and would quash his last chance of life. Besides that all secret men are men soon terrified, here were surely cards enough of one black suit, to justify the holder in growing rather livid as he turned them over.

"You scarcely seem to like your hand," said Sydney, with the greatest composure. "Do you play?"

"I think, sir," said the spy, in the meanest manner, as he turned to Mr. Lorry, "I may appeal to a gentleman of your years and benevolence to put it to this other gentleman, so much your junior, whether he can under any circumstances reconcile it to his station to play that Ace of which he has spoken. I admit that *I* am a spy, and that it is considered a discreditable station—though it must be filled by somebody; but this gentleman is no spy, and why should he so demean himself as to make himself one?"

"I play my Ace, Mr. Barsad," said Carton, taking the answer on himself, and looking at his watch, "without any scruple, in a very few minutes."

"I should have hoped, gentlemen both," said the spy, always striving to hook Mr. Lorry into the discussion, "that your respect for my sister—"

"I could not better testify my respect for your sister than by finally relieving her of her brother," said Sydney Carton.

"You think not, sir?"

"I have thoroughly made up my mind about it."

The smooth manner of the spy, curiously in dissonance with his ostentatiously rough dress, and probably with his usual demeanor, received such a check from the inscrutability of Carton,—who was a mystery to wiser and honester men than he—that it faltered here and failed him. While he was at a loss, Carton said, resuming his former air of contemplating cards:

"And indeed, now I think again, I have a strong impression that I have another good card here, not yet enumerated. That friend and fellow-Sheep, who spoke of himself as pasturing in the country prisons: who was he?"

"French. You don't know him," said the spy, quickly.

"French, eh?" repeated Carton, musing, and not appearing to notice him at all, though he echoed his word. "Well; he may be."

"Is, I assure you," said the spy; "though it's not important."

"Though it's not important," repeated Carton, in the same mechanical way—"though it's not important—No, it's not important. No. Yet I know the face."

"I think not. I am sure not. It can't be," said the spy.

"It—can't—be," muttered Sydney Carton, retrospectively, and filling his glass (which fortunately was a small one) again. "Can't—be. Spoke good French. Yet like a foreigner I thought?"

"Provincial," said the spy.

"No. Foreign!" cried Carton, striking his open hand on the table, as a light broke clearly on his mind. "Cly! Disguised, but the same man. We had that man before us at the Old Bailey."

"Now, there you are hasty, sir," said Barsad, with a smile that gave his aquiline nose an extra inclination to one side; "there you really give me an advantage over you. Cly (who I will unreservedly admit, at this distance of time, was a partner of mine,) has been dead several years. I attended him in his last illness. He was buried in London, at the church of Saint Pancras-in-the-Fields. His unpopularity with the blackguard multitude at the moment, prevented my following his remains, but I helped to lay him in his coffin."

Here, Mr. Lorry became aware, from where he sat, of a most remarkable goblin shadow on the wall. Tracing it to its source, he discovered it to be caused by a sudden extraordinary rising and stiffening of all the risen and stiff hair on Mr. Cruncher's head.

"Let us be reasonable," said the spy, "and let us be fair. To show you how mistaken you are, and what an unfounded assumption yours is, I will lay before you a certificate of Cly's burial, which I happen to have carried in my pocket-book," with a hurried hand he produced and opened it, "ever since. There it is. Oh, look at it, look at it! You may take it in your hand; it's no forgery."

Here, Mr. Lorry perceived the reflection on the wall to elongate, and Mr. Cruncher rose and stepped forward. His hair could not have been more violently on end, if it had been that moment dressed by the Cow with the crumpled horn in the house that Jack built.

Unseen by the spy, Mr. Cruncher stood at his side, and touched him on the shoulder like a ghostly bailiff.

"That there Roger Cly, master," said Mr. Cruncher, with a taciturn and iron-bound visage. "So *you* put him in his coffin?"

"I did."

"Who took him out of it?"

Barsad leaned back in his chair, and stammered,

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," said Mr. Cruncher, "that he warn't never in it. No! Not he! I'll have my head took off, if he was ever in it."

The spy looked round at the two gentlemen; they both looked in unspeakable astonishment at Jerry.

"I tell you," said Jerry, "that you buried paving-stones and earth in that there coffin. Don't go and tell *me* that you buried Cly. It was a take in. Me and two more knows it."

"How do you know it?"

"What's that to you? Rood!" growled Mr. Cruncher, "it's you I have got a old grudge again, is it, with your shameful impositions upon tradesmen! I'd catch hold of your throat and choke you for half a guinea."

Sydney Carton, who, with Mr. Lorry, had been lost in amazement at this turn of the business, here requested Mr. Cruncher to moderate and explain himself.

"At another time, sir," he returned, evasively, "the present time is ill-convenient for explainin'. What I stand to, is, that he knows well wot that there Cly was never in that there coffin. Let him say he was, in so much as a word of one syllable, and I'll either catch hold of his throat and choke him for half a guinea," Mr. Cruncher dwelt upon this as quite a liberal offer, "or I'll out and announce him."

"Humph! I see one thing," said Carton. "I hold another card, Mr. Barsad. Impossible, here in raging Paris, with Suspicion filling the air, for you to outlive denunciation, when you are in communication with another aristocratic spy of the same antecedents as yourself, who, moreover, has the mystery about him of having feigned death and come to life again! A plot in the prisons, of the foreigner against the Republic. A strong card—a certain Guillotine card! Do you play?"

"No!" returned the spy. "I throw up. I confess that we were so unpopular with the outrageous mob, that I only got away from England at the risk of being ducked to death, and that Cly was so ferretted up and down, that he never would have got away at all but for that sham. Though how this man knows it was a sham, is a wonder of wonders to me."

"Never you trouble your head about this man," retorted the contentious Mr. Cruncher; "you'll have trouble enough with giving your attention to that gentleman. And look here! Once more!"—Mr. Cruncher could not be restrained from making rather an ostentatious parade of his liberality—"I'd catch hold of your throat and choke you for half a guinea."

The Sheep of the prisons turned from him to Sydney Carton, and said, with more decision—

"It has come to a point. I go on duty soon, and can't overstay my time. You told me you had a proposal; what is it? Now, it is of no use asking too much of me. Ask me to do anything in my office, putting my head in great extra danger, and I had better trust my life to the chances of refusal than the chances of consent. In short, I should make that choice. You talk of desperation. We are all desperate here. Remember! I may denounce you if I think proper, and I can swear my way through stone walls, and so can others. Now, what do you want with me?"

"Not very much. You are a turnkey at the Conciergerie?"

"I tell you once for all, there is no such thing as an escape possible," said the spy, firmly.

"Why need you tell me what I have not asked? You are a turnkey at the Conciergerie?"

"I am sometimes."

"You can be when you choose?"

"I can pass in and out when I choose."

Sydney Carton filled another glass with brandy, poured it slowly out upon the hearth, and watched it as it dropped. It being all spent, he said, rising,

"So far, we have spoken before these two, because it was as well that the merits of the cards should not rest solely between you and me. Come into the dark room here, and let us have one final word alone."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LETTER FROM PARIS.

WEATHER AND WAR—CAPTURE OF A MOUNTAIN-HERO—A PEASANT CELEBRATION—TOILETTE-ENGINEERING—LOST AND FOUND.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

If it be true that the perturbation of the atmosphere by the discharge of artillery does really bring on meteorological troubles, we must take meekly the detestable weather from which we are now suffering as a punishment brought upon us by the murderous doings of the last campaign; not without a glimpse—granting the above hypothesis to have any foundation in fact—of the immense amount of mischief to climates and seasons, which, in that case, the human race has been so busily inflicting upon itself ever since the learned Friar invented the mimic lightning first directed by man against his fellows in the wars of that martial Plantagenet, King Edward III. However this may be, certain is it that rain, wind, thunder, and waterspouts have been doing their best, on land and sea, to vex poor mortals; that the swallows are taking their departure, and that the peaks of the Alps, Pyreenees, Jura, and other European ranges, are already capped with snow; all of which signs are considered by those who are "wise in the weather," as the precursors of an early winter, and, too probably, of a hard one also.

Spain is preparing to make war on Morocco; and Russia is just now rejoicing over an important capture made by them in Circassia, where, as everybody knows, they have been engaged for the last century in constant wars with the mountaineers of the wild regions on the borders of the great inland seas. The conquest of the lowlands between the Black Sea and the Caspian was comparatively easy; but the mountains have been the seat of a long and desperate resistance. These are commanded by chiefs, who are at once their spiritual and temporal rulers, and are implicitly obeyed. The most powerful of these chiefs, at the beginning of the present century, was Khasi-Mollah, a prophet and warrior, exercising authority over all the tribes on the side of the mountains towards the Caspian. During 20 years he successfully combatted the advances of Russia. He was succeeded by a man still more resolute, and who soon obtained still greater celebrity, viz.: Schamyll. The latter was born in 1797, of a family of Tartar shepherds, who had founded the village of Guimry, to the north of Daghestan. He was brought up by an Arab, Djel-al-Eddin, the founder of a peculiar religious doctrine, called the Souffine, traces of which previously existed in the creeds of Upper Asia. Schamyll adopted this faith, modified it, and taught it to the inhabitants of the mountains. According to its doctrines, the world is governed by a superior spirit who inhabits the celestial sphere, and every hundred years sends on earth a man destined to govern his fellow creatures. The man so sent has to attain successively four different degrees of religious perfection to become worthy of his destiny. He is then designated *Lurchid*, or Elect of God; and assumes the right of commanding other men, of presiding over their labors, and leading them to combat. By preaching this doctrine Schamyll made numerous converts, became chief of the region, proclaimed the Holy War in 1824, and was uniformly successful until 1831, when he was hard pressed, escaped by a sort of miracle, and disappeared for eight years. In 1839 he renewed the war, and has carried it on until now. The stronghold in which he has been captured is the fort of Gonnib, which his people considered impregnable. It is situated on the summit of an immense pile of rock, the only approach being a path so steep that only two men could walk abreast. In this fort, which it was believed a single company of well-trained soldiers could defend for months against an army, Schamyll had established himself with 400 of his most devoted personal adherents. Prince Bariatinski, Russian Governor of the Transcaucasian Provinces, directed the assault of Gonnib in person; several hundred volunteers being directed to scale this fearful summit simultaneously. One column advanced up the narrow path, and while occupying the Murid (body-guard of the prophet), who defended the entrance with desperate bravery, the other volunteers for this dangerous service scaled the other side of the rock, and suddenly appeared in the rear of the Circassians, when a terrible fight took place. Out of the 400 mountaineers forming the garrison only 47 remained alive; and five pieces of cannon fell into the hands of the Russians. As to Schamyll, he had shut himself up in one of the habitations cut in the rock. The ground before it was covered with dead bodies, among them being one hundred Russians. Prince Baristinski soon after arrived at the summit, stopped the firing, and summoned Schamyll to surrender. The Imaum made his appearance at a hole cut in the rock, and inquired what terms were offered him? The Prince replied that he must surrender unconditionally. Seeing his case to be desperate, Schamyll then gave himself up. "Your life shall be safe," said the Prince, addressing him, "and you shall keep your wives (he has four) and your wealth. I shall send you to-morrow to St. Petersburg, for it is on the Emperor that your fate will depend." Schamyll bowed his head to this mandate without speaking. The Prince added, "I have long expected you at Tiflis, where I had hoped you would have come of your own accord to make your submission, but you have compelled me to come and fetch you." The next day the warrior-chief, who has so long stayed the march of the invading Russians, was sent off with his family to St. Petersburg, where his arrival is being looked for with great interest and curiosity.

From busy little Belgium we hear of a rather noteworthy rejoicing that has just taken place at Saint Josseten-Noode, where was celebrated the centenary fete of a farmer named Houdies; also the fiftieth wedding-day-anniversary of a couple belonging to the same place, and the twenty-fifth ditto of one of their children. Another fiftieth wedding-anniversary was to have been celebrated at the same time, but was prevented by the sudden illness of the husband. These persons all proceeded to the church in an open carriage, passing under an arch of flowers and evergreens, erected for the occasion; and after the service, they, with a great assemblage of friends, had a grand dinner, followed by a dance.

It seems that few inventions have given rise to so many patents in so short a time as crinoline, or rather hooped petticoats, which have assumed that name. It came into vogue only four years ago, and yet one hundred patents have been taken out in France alone; 4 in 1855, 10 in 1856, 30 in 1857, 37 in 1858, and 13 up to July of the present year. Nothing as yet indicates the downfall of the new mode; but these skirts being worn much smaller, it seems probable that a hooped cage of smaller dimensions will be used for some time to come, not for the purpose of unduly amplifying feminine drapery, but as a less objectionable method of securing the moderate dimensions of such drapery, than the mass of heavy starched petticoats formerly worn, and so hurtful to the health of the fairer sex.

Despite the many interesting topics of the moment, the main topic of conversation here, for a week past, has been the abduction of the infant child of M. Hua, one of the Judges of the Imperial Court of Paris, who was stolen from its nurse in the Garden of the Tuileries. The nurse affirms that, while sitting on a bench with the infant in her arms, she was accosted by a lady, who sat down by her, and began to praise the beauty of the baby, winding up her eulogiums by asking whose child it was? The nurse replied that it was the child of Mr. Hua. "How singular," cried the lady, "Mme. Hua is my sister, so this dear little creature is my nephew! How delighted I am to see it looking so well!" The nurse replied that she had never seen the lady at Mme. Hua's house, and that it seemed strange that a sister of Mme. Hua should never visit her. "That is true," returned the stranger. "My sister and I are not on good terms, and I have not, for some time, been at her house. But I hope we shall soon be reconciled, and I shall then visit her as I used to do." The nurse, not suspecting anything wrong, allowed the affectionate aunt to take the infant into her arms, the lady kissed and fondled it, and on various pretexts, kept it for a time on her lap, talking meanwhile with the nurse, with whom she was soon on the best possible terms. Presently she remarked that she had left her parasol by mistake in a lace shop near by, which she indicated, and proposed to the nurse to go and fetch it for her, saying that she would hold the baby until the nurse came back. The nurse consented; went to the shop pointed out, found that it was not a lace-shop, and moreover that no parasol had been left there. The nurse, alarmed at this, hastened back to the Garden, but no trace of the lady and baby was visible. She rushed home in great terror and distress, and M. Hua at once put the matter into the hands of the police, offering a reward of 10,000 francs to whoever would bring the child back to its parents in safety. A description of the infant and of its abductress was published far and wide, along with the above-mentioned offer. The parents of the infant, who have not long been married, were distracted with grief and anxiety, which were not diminished by the reception on the second day after the abduction, of a bundle containing the clothes the infant wore when carried off, accompanied by a letter stating that the child was in good hands, but that all search after it would be useless. The feeling was now strong that the crime had been committed with a view to extorting a large ransom for the child's restoration. So great was the sympathy felt for the parents that hundreds of people left their cards daily at Mme. Hua's door, with inquiries after the child; 27 persons requested bits of the child's clothing, with a view to submit them to clairvoyants, the announcements made by the latter being all different, and all, (with the exception of one who stated that the infant was in the department of the Loiret) being utterly false. Meantime various letters claiming to indicate the child's whereabout, and asking for money, were received by M. Hua; all from swindlers who proved unable to give any information on the subject. One old couple, who heard that a neighbor of theirs had picked up a pair of baby's shoes, imagining that they might be those of the stolen child, bought them of this neighbor, and carried them, on a venture, to M. Hua, who at once recognized them; whereupon the wicked old souls declared themselves to be on the traces of the infant, and positively promised that the little creature should be restored to them in the course of the day. M. Hua, in his gratitude and joy, counted them down 500 francs, which the old wretches pocketed, and then disappeared never to return. A few days afterwards M. Hua received an anonymous letter, the contents of which has not been divulged; but, next morning, the Paris papers contained a note from that gentleman, addressed to his anonymous correspondent, stating that he accepted the conditions proposed. But just as all Paris was reading this advertisement from the bereaved father, the latter received a message from the Prefecture of Police, stating that the police of Orleans had just recovered the child, that it was awaiting the arrival of M. Hua to claim it, and was on the traces of the woman who had stolen it. M. Hua of course took the first train for Orleans; found that the infant thus recovered was his own, and brought it back at once to Paris. Such was the interest felt here in the recovery of the child, that more than fifty persons had assembled at the station to learn from M. Hua, on his return, the success of his mission, and when he appeared with the infant, enthusiastic acclamations welcomed him. M. Hua has published in the journals a note, expressing his gratitude, both to the press and the public, for the interest and sympathy shown in this painful circumstance.

It appears that on the Saturday preceding the abduction, a woman at Orleans, who takes in children to nurse, was called upon by two ladies, who asked her whether she could undertake the charge of a child whom they wished to place with her. She consented to take the child, which the younger of the two women stated to be her own. Two days afterwards the same people brought her a baby, which they committed to her care, saying that they would return in the afternoon, pay a certain sum in advance, and make certain other arrangements with regard to the child, with all of which the nurse promised to comply. But two days having passed without the ladies coming back, the nurse, who had read M. Hua's advertisement in the papers, bethought herself that the child brought to her might be his; and accordingly went to the police office to lodge an "information" on the subject. The police authorities having ascertained that the child corresponded in every respect to the description of M. Hua's infant, and that it had been confided to the woman on the evening of the very day on which the abduction had been committed, telegraphed the news to Paris, as we have seen.

The anonymous letter, whose conditions M. Hua had accepted just before the recovery of the child, has turned out to have been merely another of the swindling attempts already mentioned. But the abductress has since been discovered and taken into custody, along with her mother. The latter is a native of Blois, about forty-five years of age, of pretentious manners, and is said to have seen many vicissitudes in her younger days. Her daughter, who stole the child, is a stout, lusty girl, Spanish looking, and only 17. They were traced through the description which the Orleans nurse was able to give of them, although she had no clue whatever to their place of abode. The trial of these two women will probably bring out their real motive for committing so infamous a deed; but up to this time nothing is known about it, though the most romantic stories are current on the subject. The Paris nurse, who was arrested on suspicion of collusion with the abductress, has been discharged, there being no evidence against her. Whatever may be the explanation of this strange affair, it is to be hoped that the incident will lead to greater circumspection on the part of all persons entrusted with the care of children; and on the other hand, that the chances of detection, thanks to the publicity at command of the newspapers, and the efficient organization of the police all over the country, will serve to deter from the commission of child-stealing, a crime which has formerly been deplorably common in this country.

QUANTUM.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE stockholders of the Green and Coates street horse railroad of this city, have unanimously decided not to run their cars on Sunday. They seemed to consider that they would lose more on other days by such a course, from going counter to the religious principles of a large number, than they would gain on Sunday. There was some difference of sentiment in the company about the Law, but not the least about the *Profits*.

CROPS IN MAINE.—The corn crop in some counties of Maine, is better and more abundant, than for many years. The potato crop is also excellent and a much larger one than that of last year.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 21.—The government has not yet been officially informed that Minister Ward has reached Peking, but information received in diplomatic quarters leave no doubt of the fact. It is confidently expected that the ratified treaty will reach here before the meeting of Congress.

SAN JUAN ISLAND.—The New York Times publishes a letter dated Portland, Oregon, September 9, which states that Col. Carey has thrown up entrenchments and fortified himself, so that any attempt to storm his works would be met with a desperate resistance. Still he has but 600 men, while opposite to him are ranged five British vessels of war, with their guns bearing upon the island, and able, at any time, to land 1,200 men. They command, too, the whole shore of the island, and not a barrel of provisions can be landed for the use of the troops without their permission. Our troops could therefore be starved out in a week, and in a fortnight be obliged to surrender from insanition.

THE Polynesian (Sandwich Islands) says of the opium trade:—The importations of this narcotic are on the increase. By the last two arrivals, 3,700 taels have been imported, amounting to some 5,500 ounces in weight. It would perhaps be well for the authorities to inquire what becomes of all this, and whether its use is becoming prevalent among the natives.

MADAME DEMARBAIS and her husband have managed to get before the public again. They have been living together for some time in a room loaned them by a person who has been a friend to them all through their difficulties. Yesterday afternoon DeMarbais visited the room and got into a disturbance with his wife, in which tumblers, fists, &c., were freely used. He went at last into the street, hatless, and with but one boot on. Of course a large crowd gathered about him. Husband and wife were both taken to the station house. He was crazy and she was intoxicated.—*Cincinnati Gazette of Saturday.*

THE Pacific Wagon-road has been finished. It commences at the South Pass, leaving the Sage Plains to the south-west, and going directly to the Warstch mountains by way of Thompson's Pass, crosses the headwaters of Bear and Great Snake river. During the summer some 24,000 wagons, 12,000 head of cattle, and about 4,000 persons have passed over it. Grass, wood and water, are found abundantly along the entire route.

THE YACHT WANDERER OFF FOR THE COAST OF AFRICA.—Savannah, Oct. 20.—Mr. Black, the shipping master, who was carried off in the yacht Wanderer, has returned in a small boat to the mouth of the river. He reports that Captain Martin, of the stolen yacht, said he was going to take her to Africa for a cargo of slaves.

SABBATH OBSERVANCE.—A meeting of German citizens in favor of observing the Sabbath, was held in New York city, at the Cooper Institute, last Sunday evening. There were probably fifteen hundred present. Gustav Schwab, Esq., of Philadelphia, presided; among those on the platform were the Rev. Drs. Adams, Hutton, Spring, Potts, and Skinner. Among other resolutions approving the Christian observance of Sunday, it was resolved, "That we, as Germans, do solemnly protest against the perversion of Sunday from a day of rest and devotion into a day of noisy excitement and dissipation, which is only too frequent among some of our German countrymen, and brings dishonor on the German name, and that we request our American fellow citizens by no means to charge the fault of many upon the *whole* people, and upon Germany, where for many years past, noble efforts are successfully making towards the promotion of the better observance of Sunday.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 168—Adults 76, and children 92.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

STILL GREATER INDUCEMENTS.

A CHANCE TO OBTAIN

TWO HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVINGS

HAMILTON'S

VIEWS OF NIAGARA FALLS.

FICTION, NEWS, HUMOR, AGRICULTURE, THE MARKETS, &c., &c., &c.

The Proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST—"the oldest and best of the Weeklies"—have the pleasure to announce to the reading public, that they have made an EXCLUSIVE engagement with an Author whose powerful Stories have of late attracted great attention; and that they will open the year 1860 with a novelet, *written expressly for* THE POST, called

THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

By the AUTHOR of "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," the "HESTER HALLIWELL" Stories, "THE SIX GRAY POWDERS," "THE DIAMOND BRACELET," &c., &c.

In this story, written expressly for THE POST, this powerful writer's genius has had full scope afforded it; and we are able to state—having read it in manuscript, for it is already in hand—that it will make a sensation, unless we are greatly mistaken, as one of the most powerful and interesting stories ever published.

To enable those unacquainted with THE POST to judge of the richness and variety of its general contents, we may state that during the past year we have published novelets, stories, poems, essays, &c., from the pens of the following gifted writers:—

G. P. R. JAMES.	MARY HOWITT.
CHARLES DICKENS.	AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM."
ALFRED TENNYSON.	AUTHOR OF "FARM OF FOUR ACRES."
CHARLES READE.	GRACE GREENWOOD.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.	MISS PARDOE.
CHARLES MACKAY.	FLORENCE PERCY.
WILKIE COLLINS.	AMELIA B. EDWARDS
DR. O. W. HOLMES.	EMMA ALICE BROWN
T. S. ARTHUR.	AUTHOR OF "THE EBONY CASKET."
AUTHOR OF "THE SCOUT," &c.	MRS. M. A. DENISON.
ALEXANDER DUMAS.	FANNY M. RAYMOND.
JOHN G. WHITTIER.	NORA PERRY.
OWEN MEREDITH.	ISA CRAIG.
P. J. BAILEY, (Author of "Festus.")	MISS MARTINEAU.
LIEUT. HAGERSHAM.	

The writings of the above and other distinguished authors make up, in a great degree, the yearly contents of THE POST—many of the above list writing expressly for our columns, and the choicest contributions of the others being obtained as soon as possible from the English and other Periodicals in which they appear. In this way we are enabled to make up a sheet, unsurpassed, as we think, for the VARIETY and BRILLIANCY of its contents.

THE POST does not confine itself, however, to works of the imagination, as so many Weeklies now do. It generally devotes a fair portion of its ample space to the NEWS of the WEEK, FOREIGN and DOMESTIC, to LETTERS FROM PARIS, to an AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT, to BANK NOTE and STOCK LISTS, and to a WEEKLY and ACCURATE PRICE CURRENT of the PRODUCE MARKETS, &c., &c.

TERMS—ENGRAVINGS.

HAMILTON'S TWO VIEWS of NIAGARA FALLS—a couple of handsome and large-sized *Steel* Engravings—the retail price of which is FIVE DOLLARS—we are enabled to Club with THE POST on the following remarkably liberal terms.

We also Club with those well-known Monthly Magazines, Arthur's Home Magazine, and Godey's Lady's Book. Read the following and take your choice of

TERMS.

One Copy of THE POST,	$2,00 a year.
One Copy of THE POST and BOTH Engravings of Niagara Falls,	3,00 "
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One Copy of THE POST and one of Godey's Lady's Book,	3,50 "

CLUBS.

2 COPIES of THE POST,		$3,00 a year.
4 "	(and one of the Engravings to getter up of Club)	5,00 "
8 "	(and one copy extra, or both Engravings to getter up of Club,)	10,00 "
13 "	(and one copy extra, or both Engravings to getter up of Club,)	15,00 "
25 "	(and one copy extra, or both Engravings to getter up of Club,)	20,00 "
30 "	(and one copy extra, *and* both Engravings to getter up of Club,)	30,00 "

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☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their *editorial* columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2000 head. The following lots were disposed of at the Avenue Drove Yard:—61 head J Abrahams, 8¼@9; 48 Carr & Baker, Ohio, 7¼@8½; 27 E McQuaid, do, 7½; 40 Kennedy & McClees, 7@9; 32 Coates & Trainer, Chester co, 7¼@9; 13 A Ridebaugh, do, 8¼@8½; 35 J M Stewart, Westmoreland co, 3@3½; 60 D W Bradley, Ills, 7@8; 50 J Kaufman, 8@8½; 13 S Kurtz, Lancaster co, 8½; 140 Mooney & Smith, 7½@9; 45 H Underwood, Chester co, 9@10; 90 Schaunburg & Co, Ohio, 7@9; 58 S Gray, do, 7@8½; 33 H Chain, Fayette co, 3½@4½; 80 W Holmes, Ind co, 3½@4½; 26 Murphy & Co, Va, 8½@9½; 43 D Gemmill, Del co, 6@9; 18 Braden, 7@8½. Sheep—Nearly 7500 head at market, and selling at $7@8¼c ℔ 100 lbs, according to quality. Cows—65 head at market, and selling from $25 to 45, according to quality.

At Imhoff's Hog Yard 2254 head were at market, and sold at $7 to 8,25 ℔ 100 lbs, according to quality.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Oct. 22.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour advanced 3c. Sales of 10,000 bbls at $5,50@5,60 for Ohio; Southern $5,40@5,70. Wheat has advanced 1@2c, with sales of 10,000 bus; Milwaukee club Wheat 107c. Corn firm; 5000 bus sold; Jersey yellow 105c. Pork quiet; Mess 15,25. Prime unchanged. Lard heavy. Whiskey dull at 28@28½c.

A CONSTANTINOPLE letter, received by the last mail, relates the almost incredible circumstance of the old barbarous law of Turkey which prescribes the assassination of all children which any princess of the imperial family may bear to a subject, having been acted upon within the last few days. One of the Sultan's daughters, the wife of Mahmoud Pasha, was safely delivered of a fine boy. The Sultan had been to see her but a few hours before her confinement, and it is said that he gave express orders that the child should not be murdered. Nevertheless, "damned custom" prevailed; the officers of the seraglio who attended the princess delivered over the babe to a eunuch to be strangled—and it was strangled accordingly.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—There has been rather more animation in the Flour market this week, and holders are firmer in their views. The sales comprise about 2000 bbls good straight superfine at $5,12½; 1000 bbls do at $5,18¾; 500 bbls do at $5,37½; 400 bbls fine middlings $3,87½; 1600 bbls Western extra, mostly Ohio, at $5,25@5,37½; 250 bbls Family at $6,25. The trade have been buying more freely within the range of $5@5,25 for common mixed and choice superfine, $5,25@5,62½ for extras, and from $5,75 up to $7 ℔ bbl for extra family and fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour continues very scarce, and sales have been making in a small way at $4,25 ℔ bbl, which is a further advance. Corn Meal also continues scarce and on the advance, with sales of 200@300 bbls Penn'a Meal at $4, and about 700 bbls Brandywine at a price kept private. Buckwheat Meal is selling at $2,25@2,37½ the 100 lbs.

GRAIN—The market has been fairly supplied with Wheat, sales of about 30,000 bushels in lots, mostly good and prime southern reds, at $1,24@1,25, and white at $1,30@1,35, as in quality, the latter for good Southern. Rye is less active, but about 5000 bushels found buyers at 85@87c for southern, and 86@90c for Penn'a., as in quality. Corn, like Wheat, has been unsettled and lower. Sales reaching some 35,000 bushels, mostly Southern yellow, at 93@95c afloat, and 90@94c in store, including white at 92@94c, and new crop at 70@80c, as to dryness. Oats have been in good demand, with sales of about 20,000 bushels to note in lots at 44@43c for Southern, closing at the latter rate, which is a slight decline. Some Pennsylvania included in the above sold on terms kept private, and extra do at 45@46c. Barley is firmer, and sales of 15,000 bushels are reported, to arrive, part on terms we could not learn, and part at 85c. Of Barley Malt sales are also reported at 80@90c, as in quality.

PROVISIONS—The market generally is firm but quiet, with a reduced stock of most kinds to operate in. Mess Pork is quoted at $16@16,50, the latter for small lots, and Mess Beef at $12@15 ℔ bbl as to brand. Of Bacon, the sales have been moderate, partly to go South, at 10½@10¾c for Sides, and 8¼@8½c for Shoulders. Hams are selling as wanted at 12½@13½c for plain and fancy cured, and the latter very scarce. Of salted meats the stock is nearly exhausted, and we quote Hams at 9½@10c, Sides at 9½@9¾c, and Shoulders at 8@8½c, with sales of about 150 casks of the latter at quotations. Lard is firm at 11½c for bbls and tierces, and 12c for kegs, and not much doing. Butter is in better demand; solid selling at 11@12½c, and roll at 16@17c ℔ lb. Cheese is steady at 10@10½c, and Eggs at 16½@17c ℔ doz for Western and State.

COTTON is limited, and about 1200 bales have been disposed of in small lots at from 9½ to 12½c for Uplands and Gulfs, cash and time.

BARK—Quercitron is wanted, and all offered, some 60@70 hhds 1st No 1, have been taken, in small lots on arrival, at $28 ℔ ton. Tanners Bark is quiet and selling as wanted at quotations.

BEESWAX is not inquired for and dull, and good yellow is quoted at 34@35c ℔ lb.

COAL—There is no quotable change to note, but the market is firmer and rather more active, the scarcity of vessels limiting operations somewhat. Nothing doing in Bituminous Coal.

COFFEE—The market is firm; some 1200 bags, chiefly Rio, found buyers in small lots at from 11½ to 12½c for fair to prime lots, on time.

COPPER—The market is unchanged and dull. Of Yellow Metal, further sales of American are making at 20c, 6 mos.

FEATHERS come in more freely, and good Western are taken as wanted at 48@50c, the latter for small lots.

FRUIT—Green Apples selling at from $2 to 3¼, and Cranberries $12@14 ℔ bbl. Dried Fruit is coming in more freely. We quote Apples at 5@6c; Peaches 7@10c for unpared, and 12@15c ℔ lb for pared do.

HEMP—The stock is nearly all out of first hands, and the market is quiet, but without any change to note.

HIDES—There have been no arrivals or sales to notice this week, and the market is steady, but quiet at previous quotations.

HOPS are better, and new Eastern and Western are selling at 15@18c ℔ lb, as in quality.

IRON—The market is steady but quiet, and the stock of Pig Metal lighter than usual at this season, the demand, however, is moderate, and only about 800 tons Anthracite have been disposed of in lots, mostly at $23½ for No 1, and $22½ for No 2, on time. Nothing doing in Scotch Pig, and no stock in first hands. Blooms and Boiler Iron are also quiet, and prices about the same. In Rails and Bars the transactions have been moderate, and prices are unchanged.

LEAD—The market is only moderately active, and quotations the same. A sale of 4800 pigs Galena was made on terms kept quiet.

LEATHER—Good stock is wanted and commands full prices, but other kinds are neglected and dull, and prices rule unsettled and in favor of the buyer.

LUMBER—There has been very little movement in the market, and business is duller than usual at this season; prices, however, show little or no alteration, and some White Pine shipping Boards have been disposed of at $14 ℔ M.

MOLASSES is quiet, most of the recent arrivals of Cuba having been previously sold and reported.

PLASTER has been arriving more freely, and sales of soft are reported at $2,62½@2,75 ℔ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed meets with a fair inquiry, mostly to go out of the market, but the dealers are not buying to any extent at the present asking rates. Some 1500 bus, however, have been disposed of at from $5,50@5,70, as in quality, mostly at $5,50@5,62½ ℔ bus. A contract to deliver 2200 bus in 20 days was made at $5,25 ℔ bus. Of Timothy the sales have been light at prices ranging from $2,37½ to 2,62½ ℔ bus, the latter for choice lots. A contract to deliver 10,000 bus is also reported, on terms kept private. Domestic Flaxseed is selling in lots, on arrival, at $1,55@1,60 ℔ bus, mostly at the latter price.

SPIRITS—There is not much doing in Brandy and Gin, but prices, especially of the former, are well maintained. N. E. Rum is selling in a small way at 36@37c, the latter for pure. Whiskey is better, but the market dull. Drudge has been sold at 26½@27c; Pa. bbls, 28@28½c; prison and Ohio do 29@29½c, and hhds 27½@28c, and the latter very scarce.

SUGAR—The market is steady, but very inactive this week, and only some 400@500 hhds, mostly Cuba, have found buyers at from 6 to 7c, on the usual credit.

TALLOW is moving off as wanted, at 10½@11c ℔ lb for city.

TOBACCO—The demand for both Leaf and Manufactured is limited, and prices about the same. Some small sales of the former, however, are reported, on terms kept private.

WOOL—Holders are firm and the stock on sale light, but the demand is moderate and the sales mostly confined to small lots of Fleece and Pulled, including some foreign, within the range of quotations.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, Oct. 22, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	¼ dis
NEW JERSEY.		SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	¼ dis
DELAWARE.		ALABAMA.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 3 dis
MARYLAND.		MISSISSIPPI.	
Baltimore	¼ dis	All bks	uncertain
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis	LOUISIANA.	
NEW YORK.		Solv bks	¼ dis
Sol bks	par to ¼ dis	OHIO.	
MAINE.		Solv bks	¼ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	KENTUCKY.	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		Solv bks	¼ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	INDIANA.	
VERMONT.		State bank	¼ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	ILLINOIS.	
CONNECTICUT.		Solv bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	MISSOURI.	
MASSACHUSETTS.		Solv bks	¼ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	TENNESSEE.	
RHODE ISLAND.		Old bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	MICHIGAN.	
VIRGINIA.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis	WISCONSIN.	
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	TEXAS.	
NORTH CAROLINA.		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	10 dis
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis	CANADA.	
		Solv bks	1 dis

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THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull:—

LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
U S 6 pr ct, 1 5		
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" 5 " coupon '74s	103	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	99½	100
" " new	103½	103½
" 5 "	84	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	73	—
" " coupon	—	55
All'gy City 6 pr ct	63	73
" County	—	—
R R issue	42½	—
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	94	94½
Tenn 6 "	91½	92
" 5 " coupon	77	80
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	89½	—
Ohio " 1856	93½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	—
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	97	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City, 872-5 1-4	115	116

BANK STOCKS, &c. PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	155	156
Philadelphia	140	141
Bar & Mec	32½	33
Commercial	49	50
N Liberty	63	—
Mechanics	77½	77½
Southwark	69	—
P Township	35	38
Kensington	64	65
Girard	44½	45
Western	—	—
Man & Mec	27½	—
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	54	55½
Consolidation	—	85
Commonwealth	94½	—
Corn Exchange	39½	—
Germantown	—	58
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg Exchange "	54	—
Kentucky, Ky	119	—
Northern "	121	—
Louisville "	115	118
Farmers "	130	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	102	105
Planters "	110	114
N O Gas Light	140	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	9	9½
Washington Gas Light Co	25½	—
Lehigh Zinc	1	1½
New Creek	—	1
New Grenada	—	1
N America Ins'ce	14½	—
N Liberty Gas	—	31
Southwark and Frankford R R Bonds	54	55

RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
Penney'vania RR 1st mort bonds	—	104½
2nd "	95½	96
stock	37½	37¾
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, '64	—	95
stock	132	135
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	79	79
mort 6's '44	—	90
" '50	90	90
stock	19½	19½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	94	95
stock	42	43
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	33	35
6 pr ct loan, '60	93¼	—
Ches Val R R, '75	36½	—
Trens R R '75	—	86
Wil'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	49	50
2nd "	—	10
stock	1	1
Catawissa	—	—
Beaver Meadow stock	26½	27½
preferred 10 pr ct	60	—
North Penn'a R R stock	9½	11
6 pr ct loan	62	63
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock, div'd off	45	48
6 pr ct loan	97	102½
Minehill R R	55½	—
Har & Lan R R stock	54	55
bonds '83	98	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	—	14
Long Island R R stock	199	200
bonds	82	85
Erie R R stock	7½	—
Hudson River R R	31½	—
N Y Central	72½	—
Michigan Central	47	48
Illinois "	64	—
Mich san Southern	79	—

CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '32	68	69
imp. 6 pr ct	77½	78
stock	6	7
preferred	15	16
Lehigh Nav stock	49	50
mort 6 pr ct	93	—
scrip	25½	26
Morris Consol'd	—	50
preferred	104	104
Ches & Del	40	—
bonds	77½	—
Union	2	—
bonds	22	23
Sus & Tidewater	3	—
bonds, 1878	—	75

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM S. BOWLES, to Miss MARY J. SINN, both of this city.

On the 20th instant, by the Rev. R. Newton, D. D., JOHN L. REDNER, to MARY A. CHAPMAN, daughter of Dr. Richard Chapman.

On the 20th instant, by the Rev. Albert Barnes, Mr. EDWARD H. LEWIS, of Bellwood, Tenn. to Miss MARTHA R. daughter of the late I. Dunton, Esq of this city. Tennessee papers please copy.

In New York, on the 18th instant, by the Rev. G Spring, D. D., HENRY P. SLOAN, of this city, to LOUISA, daughter of J. H. McKee, Esq. of N. York, formerly of this city.

On third-day evening, 18th instant, by Friends' ceremony, in presence of Mayor Henry, JOHN S. LIPPINCOTT, of this city, to SUSAN S. daughter of Jos. E. Lippincott, of Paoli, Camden county, N. J.

At Attleboro, Bucks county, on the 18th instant, by Friends' ceremony, JOSEPH P. BROSIUS, to MARY W. ELY, daughter of John Ely, both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Clarke Loudon, Mr. CHARLES KEYS, to Miss MARY J. WALLACE, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 14th instant, at the residence of Captain Jos. Lawrence, in Elizabeth City, N. C., CATHARINE YOURHOUSE, daughter of Geo. and Catharine Yourhouse, aged 21 years.

On the 12th instant, JOSEPH L. FAIR, aged 12 years, son of John and Catharine Fair, both of this city.

On the 18th instant, THOMAS R. TINGLEY, son of Benj. W. and Elizabeth Tingley, in his 20th year.

On the 18th instant, at Beverly, N. J., PAUL FARNUM, in his 71st year.

On the 17th instant, MARY, wife of T. Lawrence, aged 29 years.

On the 16th instant, Mrs. MARGARET, wife of W. Conrad, aged 46 years.

On the 17th instant, Mr. THOMAS D. GROVER, aged 25 years.

On the 16th instant, REBECCA GIBBONS, aged 49 years.

On the 15th instant, JAMES W. ROBERTS, aged 41 years.

On the 16th instant, WILLIAM HAMILL, of Norristown.

On the 13th instant, WILLIAM WOLCOTT, aged 32 years.

FARM.

Will be sold at Public Sale on the 5th of 11th mo., (November,) 1859, at 1 o'clock, P. M., a valuable Farm of 113 acres, near Jacobstown, New Hanover Township, Burlington Co., N. J. Also, 30 acres of Meadow Land and 65 acres of Wood Land, in lots to suit purchasers, with two lots of Cedar Swamp of 6 acres each, in Black's Swamp, Dover Township, Ocean County. On the preceding day will be sold 18 acres of Wood and Timber, in one acre lots.

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Wit and Humor.

THE JUDGE'S MUSTARD BATH.

Two or three days ago, a young friend, who has recently been spending some time in Georgia, related to us an anecdote which shows how thoroughly scared the people of Georgia were during the prevalence of the yellow fever in Savannah:

It seems that Judge B——g, of the Supreme Court of the State, was in the upper county at the time, but within twenty-four hours run, by mail, of this terrible disease. Quite suddenly, late one afternoon, he was seized with a headache, pain in his back, limbs, &c. Having heard that these were the salutations Yellow Jack extended to his victims on approaching them, the Judge, in great consternation, applied to a friend who was "posted," for advice. A hot mustard bath was urgently advised, and being prepared, the Judge was soon laving himself in the irritating fluid. Presently he felt better, and finding a cake of soap in the vessel of water he began to apply it quite freely upon his person.

After some pleasant exercise in this way, he looked down for the first time on his body and limbs, and discovered that he was turning black. Oh, horror! His friend was hurriedly sent for, came, and declared that the symptoms were intensely expressive of yellow fever.

"But," said the Judge, "I feel no pain, I feel well."

"So much the worse; the absence of pain is a marked symptom."

"Good heavens!" said the Judge, "what shall I do?"

"The only hope is in the mustard. Rub away," was all the advice his friend could give.

And he did rub, with a will. He used the soap to open every possible pore, and after some minutes sent for a candle, (for the twilight was fading,) to ascertain his exact cuticular condition. On examination he was as black as a crow, and the soap which a careless servant had dropped into the tub was discovered to be somebody's patent paste blacking.

We need not add that the Judge survived.

THROWING STONES AT THE DEVIL.—A late reverend divine, well known for his quaint wit, as well as for his kindness of heart, walking out back of his house where a new street was opening, saw an Irishman hard at work with a crowbar, striving to dislodge a huge stone from the ground, where it was held fast by the roots of a tree. His patience was fairly exhausted by the vain struggles he had made, and at last he exclaimed in a great passion:

"The devil take it! the devil take it!"

The old pastor approached him and quietly remarked that he ought not to make such free use of the name of the evil one, and certainly not to throw such a big stone at him as that. The Irishman was quiet in a minute, and striking his crowbar into the ground, and leaning leisurely on it, he turned up his face at once to the Doctor and the sunlight, and while over it roguishly played those indescribable forerunners of genuine Irish wit, he replied:

"Och, then, and it's yourself that's findin' a fault wid me for sayin' that same, when it's yees and the like of yees, that's *paid by the year* for abusing the ould gentleman all the time!"

The old pastor turned away to smile and enjoy the retort.

NO FALSE COLORS.—When the brave Admiral Kempenfeldt, unhappily lost in the Royal George, was coming into port to have his ship paid off, a sailor eyed a gold-laced velvet waistcoat, which his commander wore, with great earnestness, and in his best sea fashion, begged to know who made it. The admiral perceiving his drift, gave him the necessary information, and Jack went on shore. He forthwith applied to the admiral's tailor, who went with him to buy the materials, and at last asked, "What will you have the back made of?" "Made of!" said Jack, "the same as the front, to be sure." The tailor remonstrated, but in vain; so the waistcoat was made and put on with an old greasy jacket over it. Shortly after, the admiral met his man in this curious dress, which occasioned him to laugh heartily; and this merry fit was not a little increased when Jack, coming up to him, lifted the hind part of his jacket, showed his gold-laced back, and exclaimed, "See here, your honor, no false colors, stem and stern alike."

A BUNCOMBE FENCE.—Lawyer. "Now, Mr. A——, was the fence alluded to a good, strong fence?"

Uncle Will. "Yes, sir."

Lawyer. "Well, what sort of a fence was it?"

Uncle Will (holding in). "It was a Buncombe fence, sir."

Lawyer (thinking he had cornered the old gent). "Now, Squire, will you oblige the court by giving your definition of a Buncombe fence?"

Uncle Will. "A Buncombe fence, sir, is a fence that is bull strong, horse high, and pig tight!"

Uncle Will was dismissed from the stand, and retired with flying colors.

A GOOD HIT.—A story is told of a Quaker on the Scottish border, who entertained one of the Duke of Cumberland's officers, on his way to put down the Scotch rebellion. The Quaker treated him with the most distinguished hospitality, and on parting with him said, "Go, my friend, and put down the rebellion; you are one of the pillars of the State!" The rebellion being quelled, the officer, on returning to England, determined to visit the Quaker, who resolutely denied that he knew him. "Don't know me!" says the officer. "Don't you remember calling me 'one of the *pillars of the State*?'" "Pillars of the State!" replied the Quaker, "I must have meant catterpillars! Begone!"

☞ For a man who has been rigidly good to be supremely tolerant, would require an amount of insight which seems to belong only to the greatest genius.—*Helps.*

ENCOURAGING A NEWSPAPER.

The following incident illustrates pretty forcibly the idea that some people appear to have of encouraging newspapers.

The editor and publisher of a paper of one of our inland cities, had, a few years ago, among his subscribers, quite a prominent individual of the place, who had been a constant reader of the paper since the commencement of its publication, but who had never paid a penny for subscription.

The collector of bills having returned that against the delinquent to his employer as one impossible to convert into cash, the editor resolved to give the party in question a broad hint as to his remissness the first time an opportunity should occur in public. He did not have to wait long, for in a few days he discovered his negligent patron seated in the office of the principal hotel, surrounded by quite a group of friends, and disposing of cigars and other little luxuries sufficient to have liquidated at least one year's subscription. When the laugh at the last joke had subsided, the editor approached the group, and after the usual salutation to his subscriber, remarked:

"Colonel, you have had my paper now for five years, and never paid for it, although the bill has frequently been sent. I should like my pay for it."

"Pay?" ejaculated the Colonel, with genuine or well-feigned astonishment, "did you say pay?"

"Certainly," was the reply, "you have had the paper, and I want the pay for it."

"Pay!" said the Colonel again, "why it can't be you expect me to pay anything for that paper; *why, I only took the blamed thing to encourage you?*"

The laugh from the circle of listeners to this dialogue came in here, like the bursting of a bomb-shell.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

PROFANITY IN THE PULPIT.—Several years since, on a warm Sabbath morning, while the Rev. Dr. B——, of a well known fishing town in Massachusetts, was holding forth, a tame crow, which had been taught by his owner, a sailor, to utter one expression only, and that a wicked one, flew into the church, and alighting on the pulpit, saluted the minister with, "damn ye!" whereupon the frightened as well as horror-stricken parson "drew off" and gave "the gentleman in black" a blow that sent him to the floor. Nothing daunted by this, however, the crow was soon on his pegs, and looking up to the reverend gentleman, repeated his salutation with such an emphasis, that he took to his heels, and together with his congregation, who were as much frightened as their minister, scampered from the sacred edifice in double quick time.

One little old woman, whose seat was in a corner, did not see fit to follow the example of the shepherd or his flock, but firmly kept her position; upon seeing which the crow advanced to her, and hopping up on the seat in front of her, again gave vent to his favorite expression. The old woman, not a little astonished at this impudence, and evidently taking him for an evil spirit in the form of a bird, yelled forth at him—

"What do you damn *me* for? I don't belong to this church!"

And giving him a wipe with her umbrella, she cleared the coast, leaving the church to silence and to the crow.

WHAT SHE DID IT WITH.—"Why, Bridget," said her mistress, who wished to rally the girl, for the amusement of the company, upon the fantastic ornamenting of a large pie—"Why, Bridget, did you do this? you're quite an artist; how did you do it?" "Indade, mum, it was myself that did it," replied Bridget. "Isn't it pritty mum? I did it with your false teeth, mum."

MR. ROBINSON—on a foreign tour—just takes his seat for a few moments at a Roulette table at Baden, to "try his luck."

MR. ROBINSON, in the course of an hour, has "tried his luck," and is fully satisfied of the truth of the old maxim—"A fool and his money are soon parted."

Agricultural.

HOW TO GROW LILLIPUTIAN PLANTS.

FROM THE JOURNAL DE LA SOCIETE IMPERIALE ET CENTRALE D'HORTICULTURE.

Chinese gardeners are famed for the skill with which they reduce plants which are naturally of some considerable size, and even large forest trees to the very smallest dimensions. Dwarf plants are in great demand all over the Celestial Empire, and are generally very expensive. The custom of keeping in sitting-rooms little stages ornamented with different things, and even with living plants, induced the gardeners of Europe to imitate the Chinese gardeners, although at a great distance, and to raise plants in tiny pots, generally choosing succulents, of which it is easy enough to obtain very small specimens. As experiments in this mode of cultivation increased, different kinds of plants were taken, and in Germany they at last succeeded in reducing hard-wooded plants and even forest trees themselves to a dwarf state. Thus, this art of the Chinese gardeners is transferred to Europe, and though the result is of no great importance, yet in a general horticultural point of view it is very curious.

The first gardener in Germany who cultivated Lilliputian plants, that is to say, plants with all their parts reduced to the smallest dimensions, was M. Boekel, from whose account we borrow the description of the method by which he attained this curious result. As examples of what he produced, he mentions a plant of Ivy, with 23 leaves, which, together with its pot, might be covered by a large leaf of common Ivy; also an Oak (Quercus robur) 13 inches high, whose head formed a ball 6 inches in diameter. The details of his mode of operations are as follows:

He had pots made of a very porous clay, the proper material for which was obtained by mixing equal portions of the clay used in making red and white pots, and adding 4 per cent. of ashes and 1 per cent. of sulphur. For woody plants such as Oaks or others, the pots are very shallow, from about 2 to 2½ inches high, and 6 to 6½ wide; for other plants he used pots from 1 to 2 inches high and broad. These pots are filled with soil or earthy mixtures such as are used in common cultivation! only he adds a third part of very small flinty gravel. The pots are filled up to the brim, and watered from below, by placing them in a dish containing water, or in a tin vessel made expressly for that purpose, with a tap, by means of which the water that is not absorbed is drawn off.

In order to make dwarfs of such plants as Oaks, Elms, &c., it is best to take one-year seedlings. In the spring their ends should be pinched off, to make them form laterals; then when these have grown about 2 inches long, they are to be served in the same way, and the ends of all those which come afterwards are continually pinched off; the plants are then put into a cool place to prevent their shoots becoming too much drawn up; otherwise, in general, they like a sunny situation best. From herbaceous plants cuttings are taken and treated in the same manner. Climbing plants cannot be thus cultivated. To all plants which can bear this sort of treatment liquid manure should be given every 3 or 4 weeks; but care must be taken in administering this powerful stimulant, otherwise you may kill your plants.

FOOT-ROT IN SHEEP.

Foot-rot is essentially an inflammation of the softer parts of the foot, about the horny covering of the hoof, which is contagious; so if it once appears and is not checked, the whole flock generally is injured. The disease may be known by the following symptoms:—The animal limps, walking as if the feet were painful; the hoofs are hot, and the skin adjoining swells with symptoms of fever, ordinarily being alternately hot and cold by spells. The inflammation is partly in the cleft of the foot, partly in the toes under the hoof, and partly under the edge and thin part of the hoof. The appetite fails as soon as the fever appears. If the fever abates and the appetite returns, it will go well with the sheep, unless the decay of the bones (caries) sets in, which symptom attends the most malignant form of the foot-rot. On the second or third day following the appearance of the disease, the hoof and adjoining parts lose their reddish color, and become at first whitish and then pearly color, the skin in the cleft of the foot meantime being redder, more like the natural color. Then follows a watery discharge of exceedingly offensive odor, the skin separating from the parts beneath, and the foot becoming more painful as the lameness increases. The inflammation continues to increase, and extends farther under the hoof and deeper into the flesh, and affects more extensively both parts of the foot, on both sides. The cleft becomes gradually deeper by the dividing of the flesh; the tender flesh that unites the hoof to the bones of the toes softens, and results in the hoof falling off entirely in about three or four weeks.

Remedy.—As soon as the true malignant rot is discovered in the flesh, the diseased sheep must be separated from the healthy ones, and the stables must be cleaned. The best remedy for this disease that I have found is butter of antimony, (*Butyrum antimonii*, or *chloride of antimony*,) and spirits of hartshorn. The spirits of turpentine and blue vitriol mixed together are also very good. The animal must be turned upon his rump, that the feet may be thoroughly examined, and all the dead parts cut away with a sharp knife down to the living part; if it bleeds a little, that does no harm. The foot must then be smeared with the mixture of turpentine and blue vitriol. It is sometimes well to bind up the foot in a linen bandage. The animal must not be allowed to go in any soft or dirty place, but should be kept on dry straw litter. Every fourth day they must be carefully examined, one by one, and the remedy again applied, as long as is necessary. If this is strictly adhered to, in the course of a month the flock will be entirely sound again, the appetite will return, and the animal in a short time be in good condition.—*Carl Heyne.*

THE USE OF QUAILS.

Wm. Norton, an intelligent, observing farmer boy, who makes his home in the southern part of Illinois, has recently been studying the habits of the quail, or, incorrectly, "partridge," and gives the following testimony which will interest agricultural readers:

He observed a small flock commencing at one side of the field, taking about five rows, following them regularly through the field, scratching and picking about every hill till they came to the other side of the field, then taking another five rows on their return, and thus continuing till he thought they were certainly pulling up the corn. He shot one, and then proceeded to examine the corn ground. On all the ground that they had been over he found but one stalk of corn disturbed; that was scratched nearly out of the ground, but the kernel was still attached to the stalk. In the crop of the quail he found one cut-worm, twenty-one striped vine bugs, over one hundred chintz bugs that still retained their individuality, a mass apparently consisting of hundreds of chintz bugs, but not one kernel of corn. The quails have been decreasing in number in that vicinity for about five years past, and the chintz bug increasing. It is believed that these facts stand in the relation of cause and effect to each other.

In connection with the above we give the following extract from the New York Tribune: "One of the prettiest of our American birds is the quail, and although not very musical, its notes are clear, thrilling, and pleasant. With anything like decent treatment, quails become semi-domesticated, though never entirely so, and add not only in beauty, but in real value to the farm; for they are not grain eaters, but immense insect destroyers; and a farmer should no more permit a quail to be destroyed about his premises than he should his domestic poultry—in fact, not as much, for it may be necessary to kill off the surplus, to eat or sell, to save the expense of winter feeding. But that is not the case with quails; and even should they increase to such extent as to require a little grain to sustain them through the deep snows, they will pay back all the cost of keeping in the spring. A flock of quails in your garden or vine-patch would be the most effectual remedy for striped bugs that could be applied, and then, the remedy costs nothing."

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

In a late number you quote from a prominent veterinary surgeon, among other things, that "all cutting of their tails" is "cruel and unnecessary" in the case of horned cattle. If this is so, the conceived opinions of very many farmers need to be reconsidered and revised. My practice uniformly is to start the blood from the tip of the tails of all my cattle every spring, and oftener during the summer with such as show rough hair, or other evidences of a want of thrift. This is done by a square dock, or by slitting, when otherwise the brush of the tail will be too much reduced. Ordinarily, it is probably best to perform the operation early in the day, when the animal is in cool blood, and in seasons of the year when flies are not over abundant. The *cruelty* of the thing is too trifling to mention. Still, if no good follows the practice, it were better to omit it. But upon this point, something more will be needed to satisfy my mind than the dogmatic declaration of any one writer, however distinguished. I have always *supposed* that it was a preventive of horn-ail; and as a remedy for the disease when it was already seated, it has seemed evident and marked. But according to Dr. Dadd, it was all an illusion!

I have seen cattle in neighbors' fields with a hard, round roll or twist of hair in the centre of the brush—their tails having never been cut—and have ached to apply the knife, so sure was I that it would afford to the system a needed relief, and give to the outer coat of the animals a gloss that it probably lacked. I once purchased a pair of oxen in the month of August. At the first glance, I saw that they were not thriving very well, though they were in good pasture. The eye was a little heavy, and the hair was rough and dull, and lacked that gloss and appearance of life which it ought to have. I saw, or *thought* I did, the difficulty; and as soon as the cattle were delivered, the knife was used without stint, and the cattle turned out. A few hours after word came that one of them was "bleeding to death," whereat the writer was particularly alarmed. It proved to be the one that most needed the operation, and there were evidences that a good deal of blood had spilled. Nothing, however, was done to stop the flow. In a few days there was a second shedding of coat, the eye brightened, they grew and thrived exceedingly, and in a few weeks the lively, well-laid hair fairly glistened, and there was, and continued to be, all the evidences of perfect, vigorous, abounding health. Nothing else was done for them, no other sufficient cause could be assigned for the change, and it will need more than the *dictum* of the learned veterinarian to satisfy me that the cutting was not called for and advantageous. And this case, in its results, accords with my almost uniform experience.—*Rural New Yorker.*

PRESERVING LIMA BEANS FOR WINTER USE.—We know of no way of keeping peas, beans, corn, etc., for winter use, superior to that of cooking them thoroughly, with a sufficient quantity of salt, and sealing them while hot, in air-tight cans or bottles. When properly prepared and preserved in this manner, they lose but little of their original excellence, and constitute a notable addition to the table supplies for winter. They require much care in putting up, however, or they will spoil in the cans. Where they are not kept thus, some vegetables may yet be made very serviceable by drying. Lima beans, particularly, are good when dried. Many of them mature late and would otherwise be lost—they are too valuable a vegetable to be wasted. The common practice is to shell them while green and spread them on plates or tins, and dry them in the sun. A correspondent, A. M. Ward, Hartford County, Ct., sends the following directions by which he says the beans preserve a high degree of excellence. "Gather them from time to time, just as the pods begin to turn yellow. Leave them unshelled, and spread upon the garret floor to dry. Continue to do this until hard frosts entirely check the growth—they will continue to mature under light frosts. When the frosts become severe, gather all, including the half-ripened ones, and spread them with the others. Then in December shell all out and put up in bags. The most immature should be put up by themselves and used first."

We must not forget to add, that the best and earliest ripening pods should be selected, and saved for seed another year. Those designed for this purpose should be allowed to ripen well, and be kept in a dry place. With this care, and planting upon elevated ridges the first of May, we this year secured Lima beans for cooking much earlier than many of our neighbors.

Useful Receipts.

TO OBSCURE WINDOW PANES.—If one ounce of powdered gum tragacanth, in the white of six eggs, well beaten, be applied to a window, it will prevent the rays of the sun from penetrating.

A DELICATE BAKED FRUIT PUDDING.—A delicate baked fruit pudding may be made by placing in a buttered dish a layer of rusks or sponge cakes, then a layer of any fresh or preserved fruit; raspberries or apricots are perhaps the best, but rhubarb or green gooseberries do very nicely; then another layer of rusks or cakes alternately, until the dish is filled; pour over all a rich custard, and bake about twenty minutes.

TO MAKE SOAP.—Having made from hickory ashes, or the best oak, a sufficient quantity of lye, which must be strong enough to bear up an egg, allow to each gallon three-quarters of a pound of clean kitchen fat of the best kind, (that has been clarified by melting it with water,) and a bit of lime the size of a large hickory nut. Put it into a large kettle, boil it very fast, and stir it frequently. It must boil hard for several hours. Try it by taking out a little and cooling it on a plate. When you find that it becomes a thick jelly, and no grease appears about it, stir fine salt into the kettle, allowing a pint of the salt to three gallons of the soap. Let it boil for ten minutes after the salt is in. Then take it out of the kettle, and put the soap in tubs to cool, and wash the kettle clean. Next day cut the soap out of the tubs, and melt it again, and cool it in wooden moulds, if you have them. When it is firm, cut it into square pieces of convenient size for washing, and place it on the shelves to harden, not allowing the pieces to touch each other.

The best kitchen fat for soap is that of beef and pork, or bacon. Should any pork or bacon skins be among it, you must allow a pound of fat to each gallon of lye.

If in trying it in the plate, before putting in the salt, you find the soap too liquid, add a little water to that on the plate, for the purpose of making it jelly. You will then be able to ascertain how much cold water must be added to that in the kettle, for the same purpose; it being evident that the lye is too strong. This must be done before the salt is put in. A large quantity of lime put in while boiling, will make the soap still harder.

You may harden it, also, by adding, while the soap is boiling, a little sulphate of iron. This will give it a marbled or mottled appearance.—*Miss Leslie's House Book.*

A correspondent, says the Scientific American, sends us the following recipes, which his personal experience (of over 50 years) enables him to recommend as being almost infallible:—

HOW TO CURE THE CHRONIC GOUT.—Take hot vinegar and table-salt, and bathe the parts affected with a soft piece of flannel. Rub in with the hand, and dry the foot, &c., by the fire. Repeat this operation four times in the 24 hours, 15 minutes each time, for four days; then twice a day for the same period; then once; and follow this rule whenever the symptoms show themselves at any future time. The philosophy and chemistry of the above formula is as follows:—Chronic gout proceeds from the obstruction of the free circulation of the blood (in the parts affected) by the deposit of a chalky substance, which is generally understood to be a carbonate and phosphate of lime. Vinegar and salt dissolve these; and the old chronic compound is broken up. The carbonate of lime, &c., become acetate and muriate, and these being soluble, are taken up by the circulating system, and discharged by secretion. This fact will be seen by the gouty joints becoming less and less in bulk until they assume their natural size. During this process, the stomach and bowels should be occasionally regulated by a gentle purgative. The following is another effective remedy: Take no colchium, no mineral, nor metallic medicines; drink nothing stronger than tea or coffee; exercise in the early morning air; bathe the whole body freely; eat plain food, and plenty of it; occupy the time that does not interfere with business, &c., by study. If these rules are observed, the disease will be eradicated, and life will prove that blessing which God designed it to be.

HOW TO PAINT NEW TIN ROOFS.—Scrape off the rosin as clean as possible, and sweep the roof. Wash it with strong soda water, and let it remain until a shower of rain has fallen upon it. Give it a coat of pure Venetian red, mixed with one-third boiled and two-thirds raw linseed oil; the second coat may be any color desired. The soda water dissolves the rosin remaining after scraping; and it destroys the greasy nature of the solder, and that of the new tin, so that there will be sufficient "grip" for the paint to adhere firmly. The pure Venetian red is one of the most durable paints for metallic roofs, but is often rejected on account of its color. The above mode of painting will set aside this difficulty.

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 180 letters.

My 1, 10, 18, 9, 11, 15, 79, was the first tragic poet.
My 2, 3, 14, 77, 67, 73, was the wife of Menelaus, the most beautiful woman in the world.
My 3, 48, 20, 60, 63, 162, 139, was the muse presiding over music.
My 4, 95, 103, 106, 109, 31, 114, was a maker of Jupiter's thunder.
My 5, 66, 79, 80, 140, 175, was a rural deity.
My 6, 35, 44, 118, 124, 46, 160, was the son of Cebalus, who, having received from Bacchus a bottle of wine, went into Attica to show men the use of it, but making some shepherds drunk they thought he had given them poison, and therefore threw him into a well.
My 7, 169, 168, 64, 154, was a beautiful valley in Thessaly, the resort of the gods.
My 8, 32, 98, 164, 107, 126, was a name of Venus.
My 9, 22, 47, 40, 84, 108, were the attendants of Bacchus, horned monsters, half men, half goats.
My 10, 48, 155, 74, 175, was a mountain in Sicily.
My 12, 75, 91, 92, was a festival of Bacchus and Ceres.
My 14, 86, 20, 21, 57, was a river of hell.
My 16, 46, 13, 54, 78, was a name of Fortuna.
My 18, 53, 71, 108, was one of the names of Cupid.
My 20, 100, 163, 165, 15, 35, was the muse of comedy.
My 22, 133, 62, 84, 89, 69, 110, was a lake on the borders of hell.
My 24, 68, 17, 49, 19, was a famous soothsayer.
My 26, 65, 84, 45, 96, 46, 29, was King of Phrygia, remarkable for tying a knot of cords, on which the Empire of Asia depended, in so intricate a manner that Alexander the Great, unable to unravel it, cut it to pieces.
My 28, 4, 128, 130, 131, 79, was a Scythian, priest of Apollo.
My 30, 40, 38, 23, 33, 25, 46, 114, was a god of woods and forests.
My 35, 44, 121, 179, 39, 110, was a King of Elis, whose stable of 3,000 oxen was not cleansed for 30 years, yet Hercules cleansed it in one day.
My 40, 105, 46, 122, 123, 127, was a class of persons that Juventa was a goddess of.
My 45, 119, 32, 150, was a daughter of Belus, the founder and Queen of Carthage, whom Virgil fables to have burnt herself, through despair, because Æneas left her.
My 50, 134, 93, 28, was the goddess of report.
My 55, 145, 141, 111, 115, 34, 12, was a title of Venus.
My 60, 129, 154, 53, 41, 44, was a title of Juno, also a goddess.
My 65, 59, 94, 16, 42, 66, 106, was an ancient sea god.
My 70, 128, 58, 112, 61, 117, was one of the Nereides.
My 75, 98, 56, 8, 108, was a title of Jupiter.
My 80, 27, 52, 146, 42, 137, 170, 166, 44, was a daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra.
My 85, 156, 159, 76, 173, 72, was Neptune's trumpeter.
My 90, 94, 5, 156, 134, was the most ancient goddess of the Greeks.
My 95, 132, 138, 66, 176, was a title of Fortune.
My 100, 144, 97, 167, 171, 94, was Diana's name in hell.
My 105, 164, 48, 37, 148, 157, 22, was a Queen of the Amazons.
My 140, 47, 126, 51, 44, was a goddess of grown persons.
My 115, 90, 40, 9, was the son of Tereus and Progne.
My 120, 157, 135, 46, 110, was the first King of the Assyrians.
My 125, 99, 101, 113, 142, 83, 145, was a Grecian, whose voice is reported to have been as strong and as loud as the voices of 50 men together.
My 130, 143, 98, 87, 12, 81, 92, 135, 149, 161, 88, 9, was one of the three infernal Judges.
My 27, 139, 108, 142, 150, 118, was a celebrated Grecian.
My 140, 22, 152, 88, 103, was a goddess of infants.
My 145, 91, 155, 96, 147, 46, 127, was a god of corn.
My 150, 136, 102, 175, 158, 71, 95, was the god of harrowing.
My 151, 74, 134, 180, 157, 113, 77, 9, were priests of Jupiter and Mars.
My 155, 128, 82, 172, 16, was the goddess of shame.
My 160, 134, 174, 112, 5, was a rural god.
My 165, 92, 178, 57, 9, 15, 160, was one of the Fates.
My 170, 167, 159, 134, 116, 88, 127, were nymphs of rivers.
My 175, 99, 12, 118, 177, 152, 134, was a nymph, beloved by Apollo.
My 180, 98, 41, 59, was loved by Jupiter, and by him turned into a star, to avoid Juno's rage.

My whole was an event which led to the beginning of the Revolutionary War.

Cape Island, N. J. J. P. McGOVERN.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A Latin verb if rightly named,
('Tis one by "Julius Cæsar" famed),
My first and second greet;
My third, behold our offspring male.
And then indeed you will not fail.
My whole is "savory meat." AZILE.

GEOMETRICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In time of rain I set a hollow vessel in shape of a semi-sphere, whose diameter was 30 inches. When the rain was over I found the water 4 inches deep in the lower part of the bowl. Now what is the diameter of a bullet, that if laid inside will raise the water in this semi-spherical vessel to within 1 inch of its brim. HILDEBERT KOBEL.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why does a sailor know there is a man in the moon? Ans.—Because he has been to sea.

☞ Why is the common chord in music like a portion of the Mediterranean? Ans.—Because it's the E G & C (Ægean Sea).

☞ When you receive a note from your lady-love, and kiss it (as of course you are expected to do), why is it like the night-mare? Ans.—Because it is the ink-you bus (incubus).

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Idolatry introduced into Ireland. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—North Western Virginia Railroad. CHARADE—Love-letter. CHARADE—Lea (L O' Tea). CHARADE—Amen.

☞ To Question put September 3rd.—Answers in order—20 feet; 15.63 feet; 18.86 feet; and 23.36 feet.